

THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



**Federal Subsidies to Provincial Governments
Rural Education in Ontario
Democracy and Leadership
The Swelling Shout**

Milk



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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XIII.

TORONTO, JULY, 1933

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LIBERALS AND LIBERTY

MR. MACKENZIE KING has been telling the young innocents of the Twentieth Century Club that the C.C.F. movement tends towards a dictatorship and that socialism in general is antipathetic to that individual liberty which is so dear to all good liberals. His objection is a common one among all the academic arm-chair critics of socialism who are so anxious about the freedom of comfortable middle-class people like themselves and who blandly ignore the fact that present economic conditions make any real liberty impossible for the great mass of the working class. It so happens, however, that there is available a very simple test of the genuineness of this solicitude of Mr. King and his party for individual liberty. In almost every urban centre in Canada today unemployed men and women are constantly prevented by the police from exercising the elementary British rights of freedom of speech and assembly because the police and their masters are afraid of inconvenient protests against intolerable social conditions; and working-class organizations who try to help the unemployed in maintaining their rights are similarly treated by the police. What evidence is there of any protest against this outrageous police activity by any of the Liberal leaders? The fight for the right of humble and obscure men to express themselves freely is carried on in Canada almost exclusively by the communists and by the C.C.F. movement. The leadership in the agitation against Section 98 is in the same hands. Of the Liberal newspapers in Canada only the *Toronto Star* shows any interest in steadily campaigning against police repression and brutality; even a paper with the fine traditions of the *Winnipeg Free Press* is apt to adopt an attitude of cynical detachment when reporting police outrages. As for Mr. King himself, he remains apparently unmoved by what happens to obscure workmen or helpless immigrants or 'foreigners with unpronounceable names'. He lives apart in a serene paradise above the class-conflict. It will be time enough for Canadian Liberals to worry about the hypothetical dangers to liberty in a socialist state when they have bestirred themselves a little about the real dangers to liberty in the Canada of 1933.

BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS

ON this particular First of July, 1933, one feels sorry for our professional patriots who have to make the usual speeches. With a million and a half people on relief there is something almost

odious in glorifying the new nationality which the Fathers of Confederation ushered into existence sixty-six years ago. Even the well-fed members of Canadian Clubs have too many worries on their minds to enjoy the celebrations. What is the value of our vast Dominion stretching from sea to sea with its wonderful natural resources when its human resources of leadership have been shown to be so woefully inadequate at the time of crisis? In the midst of difficulties so different from those which faced the men of the 1860's it is a little difficult to draw morals from their performance. But there is one interesting comparison between the leaders of those days and the leaders of today which is worth thinking about. The Fathers of Confederation were young men. In the autumn of 1864, at the time of the Quebec Conference when the vital decisions were taken out of which the Dominion of Canada resulted, John A. Macdonald was just under 50 years of age. George Brown was not quite 46, Cartier was 50, Galt was 47, Mowat was 44, and D'Arcy McGee was only 39. Tilley of New Brunswick was 46 and Tupper of Nova Scotia was 43. Edward Watkin of the Grand Trunk, who pulled more strings than our historians have yet unravelled, was 45. The only old man of all the leading figures of the time was Joseph Howe, who was in his 60th year; but he was by this time almost an extinct volcano. Of our present political authorities Mr. Bennett is 63, Mr. Rhodes 56, Mr. Cahan 73; Premiers Henry and Taschereau of the two senior provinces are 62 and 66 respectively. Messrs. Stevens and Manion, it is true, are comparative youngsters in their early fifties, and the other members of the Dominion cabinet—but what does it matter how old they are? Of our real rulers Sir Herbert Holt is 77, Sir Joseph Flavelle 75, Sir Charles Gordon 65. The crisis of the 1930's, though different in almost every aspect from that of the 1860's, resembles it in the demand that it makes for leaders with alert flexible minds and constructive imaginations. But such qualities are usually found only in young men, and the Canada of 1933 is an old man's country.

CLASS CONFLICT IN THE CHURCH

ON June 12 the Toronto Conference of the United Church condemned the capitalistic system in a resolution couched in the most outspoken terms to which any organized Christian body in Canada has yet committed itself. The resolution was passed only by a narrow majority and after a long and strenuous debate. The significant

feature of the discussion was that the younger men and the back-benchers revolted from the leadership of the wealthier churches and carried the day against them. Seldom have class lines been more clearly drawn in any Canadian group. Taking the main part in the argument against the resolution were the pastors of five of the richest congregations in Toronto—Bloor St., Timothy Eaton Memorial, Sherbourne St., Old St. Andrews, and Metropolitan. Of course, these worthy gentlemen did not vote as they did because of their connection with wealthy congregations. Perish the thought! They merely deprecated the tendency of the Church to desert its proper field of spiritual questions and to mix itself up with economics. They believed that economics should be left to experts (though they did not define who the experts are). They were afraid of the Church becoming identified with the new C.C.F. movement. One of them even feared that the passing of the resolution would damage the poor man. Could Christian solicitude for our million and a half on relief go further? The same philosopher expressed his own social doctrine in the fine question-begging statement that 'the best structure for the furthering of the Kingdom of God in this country is a free property-owning democracy'. But all this lofty casuistry proved unavailing and the resolution was passed. Curiously enough the well-paid pastors who led the fight for our present free property-owning democracy had recently distinguished themselves in Toronto by publicly defending the Oxford Group against irreverent criticism.

AMERICA ENTERS WORLD COUNCILS

THE past month has seen a significant and critical development in the attitude of the United States toward world affairs. For the first time since Wilson, a President has expressed his willingness to abandon complete isolation and to join with other nations in consultation on affairs of common interest. The extent and the limits of the new proposal are worthy of close attention. It does not, for example, involve the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine in any vital sense. The United States has clearly no intention of becoming actively involved in European affairs, or of joining in positive coercive measures against violators of international obligations. But it does mean that she will neither refuse her counsel to the other Powers on issues involving their common interests, nor will she embark on a stubbornly independent course in the face of such issues with no attention to the policies of the other nations. Above all, she will not hamper the nations in the enforcement of a decision to which she has agreed. Here is a great advance on even the surreptitious goodwill which characterized the policies of Hoover and Stimson, let alone the blatant insularity of the Harding-Coolidge era. It is also a courageous and daring step; for if it stops short of entry into the League of Nations, it will still have to mobilize for its acceptance a more vigorously favourable body of domestic opinion than has so far been brought into existence. Undoubtedly it is as extensive an advance as the nation is likely to accept even under the best of circumstances, and only then if certain conditions are fulfilled. Europe will have to purchase the cooperation of the United

States by real concessions in the way of arms reduction. If this fails, it will mean throwing away a unique opportunity which may not return for a very long time.

ECONOMIC CROSSROADS

NOT only has the United States taken the first step toward the abandonment of political isolation; she seems prepared and even anxious, to end economic isolation as well. The extent of her proposals in this sphere is hidden, at the moment of writing, behind the unpromising veil of the present World Economic Conference. But whatever the nature of these proposals, the same considerations apply to them as to the proposal for a Consultative Pact. Both express the limit to which, even on the most optimistic basis, the nation can be expected to consent. Both depend upon a willingness of the other nations to make real concessions in the spheres of disarmament, tariffs, and currencies. And both, if they fail because of a lack of such concessions, will involve a reaction in the United States toward political and economic isolation such as may not be overcome in our generation. In the economic sphere, it appears that some at least of President Roosevelt's advisers are eager to adopt such a course. It would mean a deliberate sacrifice of any hope of recovery by way of foreign trade and a concentration on domestic economy. But the United States, though it could never become a completely self-sufficient unit, could approach so closely to that goal as to have a serious effect on the rest of the world. The extent and variety of her resources would make possible a course which, for such a country as Canada, would be merely suicide; and the carrying out of such a policy, difficult as it might be, would be far less complex than in the case of the British Empire with its scattered and autonomous communities. An administration which is not afraid of bold experiments in the domestic sphere might even welcome the opportunity for planning and readjustment of the national life which such a programme would demand. The question now hangs on the result of the Conference. It is to be hoped that the nations there assembled will show a gleam of sanity.

A FORETASTE OF TITLES

AT this critical time, when the question of enriching our national life by a restoration of titles has apparently been recognized by both Parliament and the Press as the most vital issue confronting this great Dominion, nothing less than sheer malevolence can have prompted the Ontario Government to overwhelm His Majesty on his birthday by the magnificent gift of 154 (count them) King's Counsels. The prodigality of appointments, the degree of eminence occupied by the appointees in their profession, and the reasons why the King was vicariously delighted to honour them, all illustrate so perfectly and so strikingly the methods by which titles are distributed, that the act might well have been designed as a horrid warning to the public of what will happen when the sluicegate of honours is once more opened to inundate this fair land with its refreshing flow. It is hardly calculated

to make the public rise enthusiastically as one man and demand that, in view of the just and beneficent way in which these minor appointments have been distributed, they shall be permitted the virtuous enjoyment of the same principle at work in the creation of knights, baronets, and earls, with a unique marquisate for Mr. Bennett. Or does he want to be a Duke? The conservative press has long argued that titles and democracy were quite compatible, and certainly the extent and nature of the recent appointments would seem to bear out that claim. But that very fact would deprive a title of its unique virtue; and even those who, under a modest exterior, are now nursing the hope of being honoured by their sovereign, may well pause before such a spectacle, upon which Falstaff's soliloquy on honour is the only appropriate comment.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT, 1932-33

There was an old man of Pretoria,
Whose sins became gorier and gorier,
Till he found that by prayer,
And some savoir-faire
He could live in the Waldorf-Astoria.

THIS much-quoted limerick provides the fittest commentary that we have seen upon the visit of the Buchmanite missionaries to Canada. What has been the net result of their efforts? Mr. Bennett is said to have commended them to the elite of Ottawa as the only force which could save Canada from communism. Certainly they have had an enormous success with the wealthier classes. But we doubt if Canada will be saved from communism even by the most skilful of techniques for distracting the minds of comfortable business men and their wives from pressing social problems. It is not on record that any dirt farmer or industrial worker found a new life as a result of the ministrations of these well-fed Christians, nor have we heard that any of the million and a half persons on relief have adopted the habit of seeking guidance before going out to look for non-existent jobs. The cool efficiency with which they exploited the worries of business men who were unconsciously longing for some easy form of emotional release will long excite the admiration of psychologists. But there is no evidence that our business men have changed any of their business practices as the result of the new life. In Toronto it was announced by one of the millionaire churches that, following upon the visit of the Oxford evangelists, a group of business executives were going to meet for devotional exercises every morning in the church before going down town to their offices. Some cynical newspaperman suggested that the leader should begin the meeting each morning with the words, 'Let us prey.' In fact, these words would form a suitable motto for this whole movement of highly respectable gold-diggers.

SUMMER CONFERENCES

LAST year under the auspices of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. there was inaugurated the Canadian Institute on Economics and Politics. It held a very successful series of lectures and discussions on Canadian problems at the Y.M.C.A.

camp on Lake Couchiching near Orillia, Ontario. Its second session is to be held this summer from July 31 to Aug. 12. During the first week there will be morning conferences led by Mr. Eugene Forsey of McGill on Canadian economic problems and by Prof. F. H. Underhill of Toronto on Canadian political problems. During the second week Mr. J. F. Parkinson of Toronto will continue the conferences on economic questions and Prof. H. L. Stewart of Dalhousie will lead discussions on socialism, communism, fascism, and capitalism. In the evenings through the two weeks there will be lectures by Principal W. L. Grant, Prof. Stephen Leacock, Mr. Vincent Massey, Mr. J. M. Macdonell, Mr. Tom Moore, and others. A similar Institute is being held further west at Camp Stephens, Kenora, July 1-10. The speakers here include Prof. R. F. Jones of Manitoba, Prof. R. M. McQueen of Saskatchewan, Prof. King Gordon of the United Theological College, Montreal, Messrs. J. W. Dafoe and J. S. Woods-worth of Winnipeg, and others.

Full particulars as to rates and accommodation at either Institute may be obtained from Mr. R. E. G. Davis of the National Council, Y.M.C.A., 40 College St., Toronto.

Conferences of one kind or another are to be a marked feature of this coming summer. The Canadian Institute of International Affairs is acting as host to the biennial conference of the Pacific Institute which has met in past years at Honolulu, Kyoto, and Shanghai. This year delegates from Japan, China, United States, and the British nations on the Pacific, (and Russia?) will assemble at Banff. At Trinity College School, Port Hope, Mr. Vincent Massey is bringing together a Liberal Summer School on the model of the summer schools conducted by the English political parties, and has gathered a distinguished list of speakers from Britain and the States as well as from Canada. There is a rumour that the Conservatives, resting from their labours of blasting a way into world markets, are also to revive their spirits by a summer school. But what do they need of summer schools as long as the Orange Walk continues to flourish on July 12?

INVADING THE SANCTUARY

MR. BACKUS has appeared so often in the role of villain of the piece that one wonders why he has not been completely discredited long since. If he were the Galahad and not the Casanova of big business, the public could not be more sweetly complacent nor guardian governments more happily careless before his seductions. There are signs that his powers are on the wane, yet listen to the tale of his latest attempt on silly innocence. For several years the Quetico-Superior Council, appointed from among delegates representing a large number of public-spirited societies, has been working toward the establishment of a great international peace memorial in the form of a sanctuary-park. The proposed reservation stretches on either side of the boundary between Minnesota and Ontario from Rainy Lake to Lake Superior. It is ten million acres in extent, and in its forests are more than three thousand lakes with their tributaries. The Council's plan is to have this magnificent memorial to peace

administered as a sanctuary, where all forms of native flora and fauna would be protected, and as a natural park for the enjoyment of the citizens of Canada and the United States. Provision would be made on the outskirts, near existing roads and railways, for hotels, camps, and houses; but the interior would be kept untouched, no roads would be built, and travel would be confined to waterways and trails. A more valuable asset for the health and enjoyment of the people and for the protection of our vanishing wild life (both more subtly linked than is generally realized) can scarcely be imagined. Unfortunately, its establishment is seriously threatened. The Backus interests and the Minnesota Power and Light Company of Duluth desire to exploit the region and have fought the project from the beginning. Their lobbies were defeated in both Congress and the Minnesota State Legislature, and the M. P. & L. has withdrawn from the contest. But there remains Mr. Backus and, as a fruitful field for his labours, the International Joint Commission, appointed more than eight years ago by the Ontario, Minnesota, and U.S. Federal governments to study the project. Without the Commission's strong recommendation the whole plan will fail—and Mr. Backus is putting his money, heavily, on its verdict. The Commission is nearing the end of its labours; its public hearing is being held at this time of writing. Knowing Mr. Backus of old, we may well fear that the public is to be betrayed once more. Is it significant that there has not been one word on the matter from the Ontario Government or the Ontario press in recent months, except to advise delay on the score of economy? Where is the tumult and the shouting, in a country of ballyhoo and publicity, that should herald a great occasion? There are times when a disturbance can prevent much harm, and Mr. Backus, on adventure bound, is no doubt grateful for the silence of the geese upon the Capitol. 'Economy' is as good a watchword as any other if it will calm the fears of his intended victim.

PAINTING AND PICKLES

THE history of painting is a history of patronage. Many and varied are the incentives that have persuaded individuals and institutions to help lighten the economic burden of the painter. Certainly the most interesting and novel development in helping is the enterprise of Messrs. Heinz and Company, the internationally known manufacturers of pickles. Heinz maintain a well-equipped art gallery at the end of their pier at Atlantic City. It is their custom to run a special show there during the summer season. This year they came to Canada requesting a collection of modern Canadian paintings. The newly-formed Canadian Group of Painters have contributed the bulk of sixty-one canvases. It is said that the first response yielded fifty-seven. The value to Canadian painters of such an exhibition is that it brings their work before a new and impartial school of critics. Carlyle Burrows in the N.Y. *Herald Tribune* says in part: 'In spite of the full-flavoured quality of their work, the Canadians are seldom painters of robust and telling vitality. Too much seems to depend upon a decorative formula which is repeated rather obviously by most of the painters in the exhibition.' Such pertinent comment is in-

valuable in pointing out one of the apparent weaknesses of the modern movement in this country which has been overlooked at home.

DEMOCRACY AND LEADERSHIP

IN spite of all the current talk about the breakdown of democratic political institutions and the need for a dictatorship, it is evident that the Canadian people are looking much more intently at President Roosevelt of the United States than at the Mussolinis and Stalins and Hitlers of Europe. We are still wedded to the methods of government by discussion and still believe in the possibility of a community in which majority and minority will tolerate one another without having recourse to violence or coercion. But we have been gravely disquieted by the seeming impossibility in our western democratic societies of any leadership which is capable of dealing with pressing economic problems on behalf of the people as a whole. In the middle of the fourth year of a world depression our bankers are still urging deflation, intent only on making their own loans liquid; our Chambers of Commerce advocate government economy in the hope of getting a good precedent for more dismissals and wage-reductions among their own workers; and our politicians, seeking panaceas, rush wildly about from a favourable balance of trade to the grace of God. The selfishness of our financial and industrial leaders has been surpassed only by their stupidity, while our political leaders seem to have been afflicted by a complete mental paralysis in the face of emergency. No wonder, then, that everyone should be enthusiastic when at last there appeared a leader who could get things done.

President Roosevelt has been able to act so decisively because he knows that for the moment both the financial and the political leaders who have dominated his country since the war are thoroughly discredited. He has, therefore, been able to set aside the so-called practical men and to rely upon the advice of a small group of academic economists. The difference between practical men and theoretical men on this continent consists in the fact that the practical men are not in the habit of calculating the ultimate and indirect effects of their actions and have never had the training which gives them the ability to understand a complex situation as a whole. Nothing is more evident today than that no government will function satisfactorily in the complex conditions of modern technological society unless its decisions are based upon the research and advice of experts. President Hoover became notorious for the persistence with which he shelved the advice of his expert commissions or the dishonesty with which he interpreted it. Mr. Bennett in our own country has never got beyond the stage of seeking his advice from practical business men who believe in 'a favourable balance of trade' and who think that banks only lend out the money that is deposited with them. The first essential for the preservation of democratic government in our day is that our political leaders must become accustomed to listening to the advice of technical economic ex-

perts and that our governments must be equipped with well-staffed organizations for economic research.

No doubt the question of the proper relation of the expert to the public and to the politicians who represent the public is a difficult one, and we have hardly begun to think about it as yet in North America. The best form of governmental organization which will provide both for the formulation of policy by economic experts at the top and the preservation of control by the public at the bottom has yet to be worked out. It will have to be worked out by practical experiment. But no society will be able to survive in the machine age which does not provide for this organized intellectual leadership of trained experts.

President Roosevelt's success to date has been due mainly to the fact that he provided himself before taking office with a group of expert advisers of this kind. But clearly his political position has some great weaknesses. The necessities of the economic situation—as probably he and his advisers realize—will drive him more and more in the socialist direction. Government intervention and participation in business, government control and planning, are only in their first stages. But all these developments which will follow inevitably on the steps already taken by the President are contrary to American traditions and especially to the traditions of the President's own party. He got himself elected by skilfully avoiding any reference to the practical policy which he is now carrying out. He did hardly anything to educate the American public or the Democratic party in the necessity for far-reaching measures of state socialism. At present both politicians and business men are stunned and are not able to resist the President's policy. But his party in both Houses of Congress is composed of old-line politicians who are interested only in the wire-pulling for jobs and the log-rolling for sectional advantages that make up the most of politics both at Washington and Ottawa. Neither they nor the people who elected them have any understanding of the purposes which are in the President's mind. Sooner or later there will be a revolt of the politicians supported, and probably engineered, by some of the business leaders whose opportunities for profits have been interfered with by the President.

What will the President do then? Either he will be broken by the revolt or he will begin to temporize and hesitate. President Roosevelt is trying an experiment which has twice before failed in the United States. He is trying to do what Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson both tried before the war, to use one of the old parties as an instrument for achieving purposes which it does not understand or does not sympathize with. When he gets into trouble with his party he will have to drive it onward against its will by appealing over its head to the vague unorganized force of public opinion. He has shown an unexpected genius in appealing to the ordinary American; but we need to remember that both his predecessors failed in the long run and that their parties returned to the old routine of collecting votes by standing for nothing in particular.

President Roosevelt is apparently intending to carry through a much more radical programme of

social and economic reconstruction than either of the two great pre-war presidents ever contemplated. His political difficulties will therefore be all the greater. They have hardly yet begun. In a democracy, as someone remarked recently, the hardest engineering task is that of engineering public consent. This problem of leadership in our modern large-scale democracies is much more complex than that of merely finding the personal leader. If his leadership is to reach any definite goal he must have behind him an educated and organized body of public opinion. That is, he must have a party which knows where it is going. President Roosevelt has no such party behind him, and in the long run his short-cut will fail.

The old naive theory of democracy was that there was a latent force called public opinion which need only be consulted in order to elicit the correct conclusion on any current issue. The elected representatives of the people personified this public opinion and the sum of what they reported from their electors made up a body of infallible political wisdom. We now realize that the verdict of public opinion is largely useless without the guidance and information which can come only from trained experts. The function of democratic political leadership is to form a bridge between this expert knowledge and the minds of the voters who have to make the ultimate decisions. President Roosevelt is a welcome phenomenon because he shows a determination to rely upon the advice of real and impartial experts rather than of interested business men. But he has not yet solved the problem of carrying the public with him in the policies that will be necessary. The leadership which will keep public opinion continuously educated upon the issues with which the men at the centre are dealing cannot be improvised in a few months after a general election.

F. H. U.

HUGGER-MUGGER

Cover it up with words;
 Quick, shovel them in—
 Soft words, ironic words
 Of negligent audacity,
 Queer phrases, striking parallels,
 Laughable fancies, pile them all on,
 And tumble in on top of them a whole mad heap of
 irrelevant vivacity.
 That's never something white and reproachful
 Still showing through?
 Throw on a spadeful
 Of serious, competent,
 Praiseworthy reflections.
 Now fill it in with polite commonplace,
 Carefully levelled down.
 Leave on the top
 A well-planted epigram
 Defiant;
 Walk away jauntily,
 And don't look behind you.

MARJORIE MCKENZIE

MILK

By A. L. OAKHURST

DIP into the milk situation and you find it involves economics, health, business practices, production, storage, transportation and many other elements,' says Chairman Baldwin of the New York State Milk Control Board. 'They all affect the public interest, the future of the milk industry and the existence of the farmers.'* It is probable that similar views would be expressed by most members of the House of Commons who participated in the inquiry which was conducted last session into milk and milk products. And we, who are endeavouring to put within the small compass of this article, some of the significant features of the present state of milk distribution, also find it difficult to avoid discussing the larger implications of the subject. We have, therefore, decided to restrict our observations mainly to the economics and business practices of milk distribution and to see what light can be thrown on these phases of the problem by reviewing the evidence of the parliamentary committee and of the Quebec commission which examined conditions in that province.

The consumer tends to consider the economics of milk distribution in terms of the price which must be paid for the bottle of milk left each morning on the back porch. On this subject he seems to be interested not only in the number of quarts which may be purchased for a dollar but also, to a surprising degree, in the proportion of his dollar which is secured by the dairy farmer who produces the raw material. We may, therefore, commence our survey of milk distribution by examining the amount of the margin or 'spread' which prevails between the retail price of milk and the price paid to the milk producer.

From the reports of the two investigatory bodies mentioned above it is possible to determine the margin between producers' and retail prices in the cities of Winnipeg and Montreal during the past few years. Such information is generally readily available so that any readers who are interested in this phase of the problem can discover the 'spread' existing in their own communities. As a basis of easy reference we have used the percentage the distribution margin is of the retail price to show the proportion of the consumer's dollar which is absorbed in the charges that are made for preparing and distributing milk.

Percentage distribution margin is of retail price.

	Montreal	Winnipeg
1925	51.9	58.3
1926	50.8	55.4
1927	50.1	53.2
1928	51.4	53.2
1929	49.4	53.1
1930	51.4	55.0
1931	57.8	58.5
1932	63.3	65.0 Jan. to June 69.4 June to Sept. 61.3 Sept. -

The above figures do not tell the whole story for the margin is based on the difference between the retail price and the price paid to the farmer for milk

*Quoted in the *New York Times*, May 28th, 1933.

delivered to the city plant or railway depot. In other words, from the price received by the farmer must be deducted the transportation charges which he had to meet. On the other hand, as the dairy companies are quick to point out, only part of the milk which they buy is sold at retail prices, the remainder being sold at wholesale or disposed of through manufacturing channels. Yet, from the viewpoint of the consumer, it remains true that less than 50 per cent. of the price which he pays for a quart of milk is received by the producer. In view of present conditions it is particularly worth noting that in the worst year of the depression the distributive margin in both Montreal and Winnipeg was more than 60 per cent. of the retail price. In fact, the actual spread in cents per quart was practically as large as in the inflationary period of 1920-1921.

And so arises the familiar yet pertinent query, Why? Why does it cost more than six cents to place a quart of milk on the doorstep of the consumer? To find an answer to this question we must commence our study of the economics and business practices of milk distribution. An indication of the answer may be found in the statement which the chairman of the Manitoba Municipal and Public Utility Board made to the reporter of *Saturday Night*. 'If you have twice as many pasteurizing plants and twice as many delivery wagons or other facilities as are necessary to carry on the distribution of milk, and all are supported, the community must pay a higher price for its milk. That is all there is to it.'

What is the amount of unnecessary plant and equipment that is being used for milk distribution? Unfortunately for us the parliamentary committee did not get very far in furnishing a reply to this question. Some indication of the amount of duplication of effort and excess capacity of plants can be gained from the evidence given by Mr. A. H. Mercer of the Fraser Valley Milk Producers' Association, a cooperative organization. It seems that in the city of Vancouver an effort was made by the cooperative association and the private dealers to rationalize the distribution of milk. A central organization was formed to take over the plants of the companies entering into the agreement. Of the 14 plants affected 11 were closed and it was found that the capacity of the remaining three was sufficient to provide for the distribution of milk in the city. A survey of the delivery system for milk showed that at least 100 wagons could be eliminated at a saving of \$200,000 a year; but when the associated companies had secured a reduction of 54 wagons it was found that concerns not in the agreement were taking advantage of the situation and placing their own wagons on the streets. Thus, the final result, in the words of Mr. Mercer, is that 'there are just as many wagons on the street as ever there were'.

With the particular methods which were used in Vancouver in an effort to rationalize the distribution of milk, we are not at the moment concerned. What does concern us, however, is the amount of duplication in plant, equipment, and services which was re-

vealed and the efforts to secure an adequate return on such investments. It is clear that in an industry so organized a wide spread between producers' and retail prices must be maintained if there is to be any hope of a return on the unnecessary capital invested. When, as we have seen, three out of 14 pasteurizing plants in Vancouver were sufficient to meet the requirements of that city there are good grounds for believing that throughout Canada a great amount of unnecessary equipment has been provided for the distribution of milk. Not unnecessary for the present competitive methods of business but for the rational operation of this vital food service.

It is only when the problem of milk is viewed in the light of public interest that the complete irrationality of the present system is seen. By comparing milk distribution in his community with the outline given by Mr. Lawrence E. Neal in his book *Retailing and the Public** the reader will be able to determine for himself the uneconomic and wasteful practices now being followed. Mr. Neal first lists the factors favourable to the rational organization of the milk trade. These are as follows:—

(1) Milk is a standard commodity and (apart from the specialized grades) saleable in a standard quality.

(2) It is the daily need of every household, and moreover, in extremely steady demand from day to day.

(3) It is a generally recognized adjunct to health, and of particular benefit to children.

Starting with such initial advantages, one might expect to find some approach to a rational handling of the problem—experimental stations for concerted research in the breeding of cows, and in the production of milk quantitatively and qualitatively; study of the right size of unit for the dairy farm; the assembly of such units in relation to the pasteurization or distributive centre; study of the equipment and methods of sterilizing, bottling and handling. At the next stage one might postulate a run of distributive wholesale centres located with an eye to transport facilities and population needs, so as to ensure that each region received its milk with the least possible delay or unnecessary haulage costs. Radiating from these centres would be the retail depots, each with a given run of streets to serve, regard again being paid to the elimination of wasteful overlap.

The whole could be backed by publicity that would carry the weight of medical and public opinion behind it, as soon as it was felt that on grounds of quality, hygiene, costs and efficiency the industry was operating to the best advantage.

While the urban environment of Mr. Neal may have led him to over-simplify the stages in the re-organization of milk distribution, it is refreshing to find that among modern business men one may be found who is prepared to approach the problems of distribution from the viewpoints of public interest and efficiency with no undue regard for the maintenance of existing property rights.

At this point it may be of some interest to turn aside for the moment from the consideration of the position of the consumer to examine that of the producer attempting to market his product through the present wasteful distributive system. One of the first things which the parliamentary committee discovered was that in any locality there is no standard price paid to producers. It was found that 'producers are paid a price, called an association price, for a percentage of milk delivered, and a much lower price for the balance which is designated as surplus milk.' Just what constituted surplus milk was by no

means easy to discover; so far as the evidence goes, it shows that the determination of what part of a farmer's shipments shall be classed as surplus milk is entirely in the hands of the dairy company. The present position of the milk shipper is analogous to that of the coal miner before he was organized strongly enough to force the employer to allow him to have a union check-weighman at the tipple to see that each man's output was fairly weighed and recorded. Until the producers of milk are in as strong a position one may expect that the question of surplus milk will be decided in favour of the dairy companies. It is little wonder that the parliamentary committee reported that 'much dissatisfaction prevails among producers over the percentage paid for surplus milk'. And Professor Bond of Cornell University, who investigated the matter in Quebec, has the following observations in his report:—

In the Montreal market (in 1932) purchases of milk instead of being increased were decreased by 9.4 per cent. The decrease in sales was less than the decrease in purchases, amounting to 6.1 per cent. The result of these two changes was a decrease in surplus milk in June of 1932 of 17.32 per cent. compared with June, 1931. In June of 1931, 70.6 per cent. of the fluid milk purchases were sold as fluid milk, whereas in June of 1932 the fluid milk sales amounted to 73.2 per cent. of purchases.

One distributor that made ado about the increase in production and the heavy shipments to his plant in June of 1932 sold 65.3 per cent. of his June purchases as fluid milk compared with only 56.8 per cent. in June, 1931. In spite of this more favourable situation this distributor, who paid for no milk at surplus prices in 1931, made returns to farmers in June of 1932 at surplus prices for 32 per cent. of the milk purchased. The actual surplus in June of 1932 for this firm was 20.6 per cent. less than the previous year.

The knowledge of such facts cannot do otherwise than provoke dissatisfaction among the farmers in the Montreal area who have seen the association price per 100 pounds of milk fall from \$2.80 at the beginning of 1930 to \$1.35 at the beginning of 1932. The payment for surplus reduces the association price from \$1.35 to an actual return of \$1.17.

The questions of profits made by milk companies and the capital structure of some of the larger distributors engaged the attention of the parliamentary committee for a considerable part of the hearings, but direct evidence is presented in the printed proceedings for only a few dairy companies. One may read of one Montreal concern which, through the re-investment of earnings, has assets of almost \$2,000,000 and a bonded debt of less than \$250,000. Or of a company in Toronto which was purchased by the Borden interests for \$695,000 although the outside investment in the firm was only \$40,000. But the creation of financial interests was only in its initial stages when the reversal of business affairs temporarily halted the process. An indication of the extent to which it might have gone is given in the financial statement of the City Dairy Company of Toronto, another concern which was acquired by the Borden Company. The following excerpts from the financial statement of this company tell the story:

	1929	1930
Net property and plant	\$ 848,983.41	\$1,044,739.91
Current assets, etc.	1,909,502.33	2,187,108.56
Goodwill	1.00	2,162,702.52
Total assets	2,758,496.74	\$5,394,550.99

**Retailing and the Public*, by Lawrence E. Neal (Allen & Unwin; London, 1932).

One of the peculiar features of modern capitalism is that the consumers are taxed on their preferences. Their appreciation of service or product becomes capitalized in the item of 'goodwill' on which future earnings must be secured. On logical grounds one might think that some reward might accrue to the public for its readiness to provide a steady demand. But the maintenance of private interests prevents such a development; and, if the public is to benefit by reason of its own actions, it must place its trade in the hands of cooperative societies or public bodies. From this view the evidence of capital gains in milk distribution does but reflect the nature of the organization which exists and must be taken as a symptom rather than a cause of the difficulties which are now being encountered. We may, therefore, accept the conclusion of the parliamentary committee that 'while returns from most industries have during the past two or three years materially decreased, such cannot be said of those interested in the distribution and sale of whole milk. The salaries and returns to executive and operating officials and shareholders of the distributing companies have, in a large measure, been maintained at the 1927, 1928, and 1929 levels although business and industry generally have, since 1929, declined very markedly, and milk prices to the producer have been reduced to an extremely low level.' Nor is it surprising to read further that 'the sale and distribution of whole milk products is gradually getting into the hands of fewer and larger companies. Economies to the companies interested may have resulted, but there is no evidence of any benefits accruing from such mergers to either the producer or the consumer.'

* * *

The present circumstances of milk distribution in Canada, which have been so inadequately sketched in preceding paragraphs, are reflected in greater or less degree in the conditions prevailing both in the United States and Great Britain. The reaction in most cases has taken the form of demands for some form of control. Thus we have seen the establishment of a milk control board in the State of New York and the assumption of control over milk distribution by the public utility board in Manitoba. Such forms of control, however, are chiefly directed towards the stabilization of existing arrangements. No attempt is made to evaluate the distributive agencies and prices are fixed so as to maintain dealers' margins and thus perpetuate private interests in a field from which they should long have been barred. The Reorganization Commission for Milk in Great Britain saw a good deal further and, in spite of being sponsored by a Conservative government, made some notable advances in its proposals for the organization of the industry.

Unfortunately the problems of whole milk distribution cannot be considered apart from the larger problems of milk production and utilization. In spite of the primary importance of the fluid milk trade it forms only a part of the industry and must, therefore, be related to other avenues of utilization. From whatever angle the problems are viewed it is clear that the establishment of control by producers over the sales of their product must form the basis of a rational organization of the dairy indus-

try. The observations of the British Reorganization Committee on this point are of considerable significance:—

We have no doubt that the first step necessary to the welfare of the industry is to strengthen the position of producers, as a body, in negotiating with distributors and manufacturers. It is true that producers might secure this power for themselves by voluntary combination, as they have done in other countries; but it must also be recognized that the conditions of the industry in this country make combination almost impossible of attainment unless its maintenance can be guaranteed by some measure of statutory sanction as is contemplated in the Agricultural Marketing Act. The financial position of many milk producers is at present so weak, and their dependence on the liquid market so complete, that they cannot afford the risk of failure to obtain a contract. They must, therefore, often accept contracts on terms which are unsatisfactory both to themselves and to their colleagues in the industry. We do not see how this fundamental weakness can be overcome unless they are given, as a body, statutory powers to secure universal adherence to negotiated agreements.

The Reorganization Committee, therefore, proposed the establishment of producers' boards which would be the sole agencies through which milk might be sold. These boards would consist of the representatives of all registered producers and no non-registered producer would be permitted to market his product. In the words of the commission, 'the ownership of all milk, other than that sold by producer-retailers, should vest in the Board, in order, firstly, to strengthen the position of the producers' organization vis-a-vis the other sections of the industry, and, secondly, to enable the Board to exercise to the full its power of rationalizing the flow of milk...'. The actual functions which are contemplated for the producers' boards need not engage our attention. The essential feature of the scheme is that, with government support, the producers are to be given adequate powers to control the flow of milk and to effect such returns as will be in the best interests of the dairy farmers and the country as a whole.

The effective organization of the producers would solve some of the problems of milk distribution but we have still to consider the means which should be used to protect the interests of the consumer. Mr. W. M. Drummond, of the University of Toronto, in addressing the Canadian Political Science Association recently, inclined to the view that as the business of distributing was by its very nature a monopoly undertaking it should be brought under municipal control. Inasmuch as private distributors have expressed their inability to remove any of the 'gross inefficiency and competitive waste' which Mr. Drummond believed characterized the milk trade, there seems to be but one course to pursue.

The municipalization of milk distribution in our larger cities should be the logical counterpart to the producers' organization suggested above. The adoption of such proposals would result in the creation of two responsible bodies which could arrange for the most efficient distribution of whole milk to the public. As the welfare of one section would be dependent upon that of the other no undue pressure would be exerted in either direction. On the one hand, the provision of an adequate supply of whole-milk entails certain costs which must be met out of the retail price of the product. The returns

to the producer, therefore, cannot be seriously reduced without jeopardizing the maintenance of the supply. And, on the other hand, a growing demand for whole milk, on which a prosperous dairy industry is in large measure dependent, cannot be sustained if the price to the consumer is unduly enhanced. The representatives of consumer and producer working actively together would thus be able to provide for the economic distribution of milk products to the public to the satisfaction of both parties. From the viewpoint of the public, the problems of milk distribution are only slightly larger than those of water and could be handled quite as satisfactorily by municipal boards.

RUSSIAN HIGH-LIGHTS

VI*

Politics and Philosophy

TWO or three miles above the great dam at Dneiprostroy a series of factories are being constructed. Some of them are finished and in operation, others are in process of construction, and beyond these again the ground is being levelled or excavated in preparation for further building. Here was a monster earth-excavating machine, of the endless chain type, scooping up the soil at a surprising rate of speed and loading it on to a long line of railway trucks. A temporary track had been laid for the train and as each truck was filled the engine pulled ahead and a new car came into place. Six months ago, only two of these giant excavators had been manufactured, and they were the largest machines of their kind in the world. They were made in Germany, and both were sold to the Soviet Union. A hundred yards or so from this machine some ditching work was being done on one of the factory sites and in this case the earth was all being moved by man-power—or rather by woman-power. A rough wooden stretcher was placed on the ground, a few pounds of earth was shovelled on to it, one woman picked up the bow handles and another the stern, and they walked away with it.

Following a sharp frost in the City of Kharkov, towards the end of November, the streets were coated with ice and the horses had great difficulty in keeping their footing, and in the course of an hour or so I saw twenty or thirty slip and fall on the pavement. During the day I noticed two dead animals being carted away; evidently they had been so seriously injured in falling that they had to be destroyed. I asked one of the Russian guides why the horses were not sharp-shod, and he replied that the local blacksmiths were not sufficiently advanced in their technique to sharpen the caulks of the shoes. A few days later, visiting the Kharkov Tractor Works, a thoroughly modern, efficient factory, I stood on the assembly line and watched a completed tractor move off, under its own power, every eight minutes. Side by side, all over the Soviet Union, these contrasts may be seen between the old and the new—the most advanced technique, and the most backward methods.

* * *

Before the Revolution the great mass of the Russian people were peasants, with the usual peasant mentality; cautious, acquisitive, timid towards innovation, and—by necessity—fatalistic in their general attitude towards life. If a formal democracy, of the usual Western type, had succeeded the overthrow of the Czars the rapid change which has taken place in the U.S.S.R. would probably have been delayed a century or so. The inertia of the great slow-moving peasant mass would have prevented any rapid development. The achievements of the Five-Year Plan, the building of heavy industry, the collectivization of agriculture, the organization of universal education, the 'advances on the cultural front'—all these things could only be carried out rapidly and successfully under the dictatorship of the proletariat. The poor peasant is the ally of the industrial worker, but in the planning and organization of the new economic system it has been the proletariat—and particularly its 'spear-head' the Communist Party—that has supplied most of the initiative.

This implies an antagonism between the industrial worker and the peasant, and in the early stages of the Revolution there were sharp cleavages between the two main groups of workers, but these differences of opinion (which represented differences of economic interest) are growing less every year. The big state farms, which are playing an increasingly important part in Soviet agriculture, are really farm factories, and the workers on these farms have the same interests as the urban factory workers. Both are equally interested in the application of scientific methods, in the development of electric power, the improvement of transportation facilities, and in the spread of both technical and cultural education among all the workers. The peasants on the collective farms occupy a position mid-way between the workers on the State farms and the individual peasants, but the great majority of these have already adopted an outlook that is nearer to the proletarian Socialist point of view than that of the semi-feudal peasant of pre-revolutionary days. The new peasant is accepting the philosophy that 'freedom is rooted in necessity', and as he gives up the old 'freedom' of individualism new vistas of freedoms open before him—a shorter work-day and a higher standard of living, education, medical and dental services, opportunities for vacations and travel—and he is conscious of a new dignity as befits a part owner in a socialist state.

* * *

In most countries outside of the U.S.S.R. the reactionary and sensational sections of the press, have, by persistent propaganda, over a term of years, built up in the minds of a large section of the public a fantastic picture of 'Soviet Dictatorship'. According to this legend the Russian people are ruled—with an iron hand—by a small group of fanatics in the Kremlin. From this centre a series of decrees are promulgated which rigidly control the thoughts and actions of all the inhabitants of the Soviet Union. This general theory, with slight modifications, is held by large numbers of reasonably intelligent people.

It should be obvious that such a system could only be carried out effectively by a huge army of government officials and a very powerful bureaucracy, both appointed directly by a central authority. Officials would need to be much more numerous un-

*This concludes the series of articles 'Russian High-Lights'.

der a planned social economy than under a hit-or-miss competitive system, if there was a complete dictatorship from the centre. But even a superficial examination of the soviet system discloses the fact that this horde of centrally appointed officials is non-existent, and that everywhere campaigns are carried on against 'bureaucratic tendencies'. The principle of 'Democratic Centrism' does give a very considerable amount of power to the experts who plan and organize the economy of the state, but there are innumerable checks and balances which prevent this power from being used capriciously, or in a manner that would be opposed to the interests of the great mass of the people. As regards his own immediate environment the soviet citizen has a tremendous amount of local autonomy.

* * *

In the early years of the Revolution most institutions were run by committees, but the tendency now is towards responsible individual management. Most of the large factories and state farms are under the direction of a manager, but the manager, if he wishes to hold his job, must be sensitive to 'public opinion' and responsive to the needs of the workers who are under his direction. In the first place there is a 'Party' group in each institution, which, among other duties, makes a business of seeing that the manager adheres to the general line of the 'Plan' for that institution. Secondly, the strong industrial trade union, in which, in many shops, almost the entire working force is enrolled, is on the alert to see that no individual worker is victimized in any way. Thirdly, there is the 'Shock Brigade' system, a voluntary organization in which are enlisted the more active and intelligent workers who not only set the pace for the plant but also keep an eye on the management. There have been cases where the Shock Brigaders have decided that the manager was inefficient, too dictatorial, or lacking in some other respect, and, as a result, the manager has found himself reduced to the ranks. In many cases there is also an advisory board which may consist of a technician or engineer, an official of the trade union, and a member of the Communist Party. As a final resort there are the Workers' and Peasants' Inspection Committees which may be called in for purposes of investigation whenever there is a general feeling that any institution is suffering from inefficiency or bureaucracy. The worker is further protected against any abuse of authority by various other agencies and organizations; the courts, which are under workers' control, the press, the critical 'wall newspapers' which may be found in almost every institution in the U.S.S.R., the cooperatives, and finally the district or village soviets. General directives come from the 'centre', where the broad plans are worked out by the experts and specialists, but the local application of these plans, the organization of work, the discipline on the job—the translation of paper plans into actual achievement—all these things are managed by the workers themselves.

* * *

No honest survey of conditions in the Soviet Union can neglect or minimize the great advances which have taken place under the Five-Year Plan, or fail to recognize the great release and stimulation of energy which has been a result of a planned system of production. These developments are most

evident in the field of heavy industry, but they are also taking place in every other department of life. The production of pig-iron, coal, and crude oil has been greatly increased, but also the distribution of stethoscopes, artist's materials, and printing presses. These also are products of a machine age. The eight-fold increase in the production of books and periodicals—over the pre-war figures—and the sharp decline in the infant mortality rate are fruits of the Plan—just as much as the increase in the manufacture of hydro-electric power.

Planning implies ends, objectives, goals; and these achievements were possible because the planning was based on a very clear and definite philosophy. (Can we imagine a planned system being conceived or executed by a group of sceptical philosophers?) From Marx to Stalin, the social theorists who have created the Soviet Socialist system, have been students of philosophy, and many of the leaders have produced works on philosophy. Is it necessary to mention Engel's *Feuerbach*, Lenin's *Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, and Buhkarin's *Historical Materialism*? Not only is it a very clear and definite philosophy, but it is one that insists that theory shall not be divorced from practice. Plato's idea that philosopher-kings would make the best rulers has come nearer to realization in the first Worker's republic than in any former state in the world's history.

J. F. WHITE

MODERN TO SPARTAN MOTHERS

Mothers of Sparta, long ago

We were told of your iron deeds:
Sons were coin of the realm, and so,
Freely spent for the nation's needs.

Mothers of Sparta, did you gaze

Fondly into their infant eyes?
Did you laugh at their baby ways,
Lilting little low lullabies?

Oh, if you loved them, if your hearts
Were such stuff as ours seem to be,
Would you have played such stoic parts
Even in Spartan history?

Mothers of Sparta, granite-grown,
Hearts you had not for child nor youth;
Women breeding, to strange gods prone,
Kept consenting to creeds uncouth:

He who died by the sword died great:
Could you have borne the modern scene? . . .
Babes we cuddled, in man's estate
Crushed like carrion by machine!

Little sons women labour for
Gassed like vermin and left to rot:
Suckle sons for the red beast War?
Mothers of Sparta, we will not!

CLARA HOPPER

FEDERAL SUBSIDIES TO PROVINCIAL GOVERNMENTS

By J. A. MAXWELL

IN times like these when everyone seems to agree that governments are spending too much, it may be worth while to examine a type of expenditure which has always had an unsavoury career. I refer to the subsidies which the federal government pays to the provincial governments. For the fiscal year 1931-2 these payments amounted to \$26,400,000. Of this total \$16,000,000 is authorized by the British North America Act itself and it goes to the provinces with no strings attached. The remaining \$10,400,000 is distributed to the provincial treasuries, by virtue of special acts, for the purpose of encouraging vocational education, for establishing a system of old age pensions, etc. In this paper I shall be concerned only with subsidies of the former type. They have been with us since 1867, but in recent years the amount paid for them has grown rapidly.

About no sort of public expenditure have our public men ever been so unanimous in condemnation. Five Prime Ministers—Alexander Mackenzie, Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Mackenzie King—have publicly declared in parliament that this type of expenditure is wrong in principle, and although the other Prime Ministers have not committed themselves so frankly, the pages of *Hansard* will be searched in vain for any statement by any eminent public man in praise of subsidy payments. Why, in the face of this unanimity, has this sort of expenditure continued to expand? Why, indeed, was it originated? Let me answer the second of these questions first.

When the Fathers of Confederation at Quebec and at London were framing the terms of union, they took from the old provincial governments and gave to the new federal government certain governmental functions and certain sources of revenue, leaving other sources of revenue in provincial hands. But it was found that, under the scheme first proposed, the governments of the Maritimes would not have sufficient revenues to carry out their provincial functions unless they imposed new taxation. Since any such move would have imperilled the whole plan of union, an alternative had to be found and this was that the federal government should pay subsidies. Neither Ontario or Quebec really needed a subsidy, but it was thought wisest to treat the provinces uniformly and to give grants to all of them based approximately upon population as of 1861. Only with misgivings did Galt, Brown, and many other statesmen agree to this proposal, and they specified carefully in the Quebec and London resolutions and in the British North America Act that the subsidy terms now given were not to be altered thereafter. The grants were to be 'in full settlement of all future demands on Canada'.

This then, was the origin of the subsidies and the amount of them was at first small enough. The governments of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were to receive a total of only \$2,500,000 a year. As new provinces were added to the union the amount naturally rose, but the main reason for the enormous growth which has since taken place has been the grant of 'better terms'. Everyone knows that time after time the provinces have come

to Ottawa singly, in groups, or in a body and have raided the federal treasury by getting larger subsidies. The clause in the British North America Act designed to prohibit this sort of thing and numerous other specific clauses in later agreements, have been brushed aside as scraps of paper. All sorts of pretexts for the grant of 'better terms' have been advanced, but the truth has been, nine times out of ten, that the federal government was either paying a political debt or attempting to win political support for the future. Here is the answer to my second question. 'Better terms' have been part of the spoils of victory.

The result of this method of distributing subsidies has been that the approximate per capita equality established in 1867 no longer exists. At present Prince Edward Island gets seven times as much per capita, Manitoba gets three and a half times as much, New Brunswick gets four times as much, as do Ontario and Quebec. Here is one basis for the declaration of some Ontario and Quebec men that their provinces are the milch-cows of the Dominion.

But even if the distribution were less lop-sided, many significant objections can be and have been raised against a system of federal subsidies. The late Sir George Foster expressed one of these lucidly enough:—

The tendency [of the provinces] is constantly to press upon the Federal Government for adjustments and additional allowances. The separation of the spending from the providing power tends to induce recklessness in the former and to increase the fierceness of the demand for more. On more than one occasion the demand for better terms and increased subventions has succeeded at Ottawa, and the exigencies of party render such appeals less easy of resistance than they otherwise would be. To spend extravagantly in the provinces and for largely party reasons, with the distant hope that eventually the Dominion Government can be persuaded or forced to come to the rescue, is not an unknown contingency in the history of our party politics, and this contingency constitutes an element of menace to the stability of Confederation itself.

The point thus is that the government which receives the revenue has no responsibility for the raising of it and this lack of responsibility leads to extravagant expenditure. There can be no doubt that this has been so in Canada. Only a few examples need be offered. After 1867 the provincial government of Nova Scotia pursued, for a few years, a careful financial policy. Then, through the efforts of Joseph Howe, 'better terms' were secured and by 1877 expenditure had almost doubled. In 1905 Saskatchewan and Alberta began their existence as provinces with large surplus revenues, due almost entirely to the generous subsidies given them by the Dominion. These provinces embarked upon a scale of expenditure which set new standards for Canada and the surpluses promptly vanished. Coming to a more recent example, who can doubt that the rapid expansion of expenditure by the governments of the Maritimes after 1927 was not stimulated by the 'better terms' which they were given through the Duncan Commission? If it be objected that rapid growth of expenditure does not by itself mean extravagant expenditure, I can only reply that, in

all the cases cited here, a detailed examination would convince the most sceptical that there had been extravagance. I go so far as to state that a careful study of the history of 'better terms' from the beginning will demonstrate that extravagant expenditure has followed receipt of larger subsidies as a normal and almost inevitable sequence. The increased revenue which comes into the hands of provincial governments through a successful agitation for 'better terms' is regarded as a heaven-sent windfall, and it is used more carelessly than increased revenue obtained through heavier provincial taxes.

The political demoralization which has arisen out of the struggle for 'better terms' is another evil feature of the subsidy system which cannot be brushed aside. To single out special instances is invidious, but certain recent examples will serve to point a moral. Since 1926 the Maritimes and the prairie provinces have received subsidy favours from the Dominion which were wholly unwarranted. The agitation carried on to this end by the Maritimes was probably the more objectionable, for it was little else than a combination of begging and threatening—begging for largess from the federal treasury, and threatening that, unless it was given, secession might follow. Undoubtedly the Maritimes have suffered from disabilities within confederation, undoubtedly their people have deep-lying and just grievances against the federal government, but 'better terms' such as those gained through the Duncan Commission are an aggravation rather than a remedy. The extra money is soon spent and the provincial governments, instead of devoting their energies toward formulation of a programme which might be of real benefit, think of nothing except how a new raid on the federal treasury can be engineered. The more frequently the begging expeditions to Ottawa are successful, the more ingrained does the habit of importunity become. The parallel agitation carried on by the prairie provinces might seem, at first glance, to be on a higher plane. Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta professed to ask

merely that the federal government turn over to them the natural resources within their boundaries. In reality they demanded and they received much more than this. Not only were their natural resources turned over to them, but the annual subsidies which they had hitherto been receiving because the federal government had possession were continued without diminution for the future. That is to say, despite the fact that the Dominion was to divest itself of its domain in the prairie provinces, it was to continue subsidy payments as if still in possession. This might seem very much like eating one's cake and having it as well. In addition, Manitoba got what were euphemistically called 'arrears' amounting to \$4,600,000; and Saskatchewan and Alberta were promised Royal Commissions to consider their claims for 'arrears'.

Surely agitations like those carried on by the Maritimes and the West are dangerous. They raise ill-feeling between the provinces and they strike a blow at the very basis of a federal union. The Dominion, by yielding, stamps such agitations with its approval. It ensures the continuance of further raids upon the federal treasury.

The essential preliminary to any scheme of reform is that the major political parties agree to a moratorium on 'better terms'. In the past whenever one party turned a deaf ear upon the demands of a provincial government for readjustment of subsidies, the other political party has customarily hinted that it would be more complaisant. This tradition will die hard. But both Conservative and Liberal leaders should realize that some sort of self-denying ordinance would be mutually advantageous in the long run. If and when this first step is taken, the real problems of subsidy revision can be attacked. It may well be that a satisfactory solution cannot be found except as part of a general overhauling of our constitution which would bring about a redistribution of functions between the federal and the provincial governments.

THE BANKS OPPOSE INFLATION

By A. GOULDING

THE Monthly Commercial Letter for March, 1933, issued by the Canadian Bank of Commerce, contains a long article on 'Inflation: Its Historical Background and Its Present Manifestations.' The Monthly Letter is published 'for the benefit of those interested in the current business situation in Canada.' The inclusion of an article on inflation implies that this subject is at last regarded as of importance to those interested in the current business situation. To this extent at least it is welcome.

Assuming that the writer of the article deliberately intended to cloud the issue and mislead his readers, he may be congratulated on a fairly effective piece of work. If, on the other hand, he was writing in good faith, then the article becomes a truly shocking example of the limitations of the 'Banking Mentality' and of that blindness not only to economic principles but even to the common rules

of logic which so distresses Mr. J. M. Keynes and others.

The Historical Background goes right back to the Eighteenth Century. It contains first the story of the war inflation of the Revolutionary United States between 1775 and 1779, when the phrase 'not worth a continental' entered our language; and second, that of the famous 'assignats' issued in France between 1790 and 1796. Both these inflationary efforts brought swift disaster. But in both cases, as the writer does not point out, the paper issues were made by new and very unstable governments fighting for their existence, not only against foreign aggression but also against a large part of their own populations. There was no attempt at controlling the inflation, nor at that time were the means for such control available. There was little public confidence in either government and no attempt was made to create such confidence nor to educate or

inform public opinion. Coercion was tried but this somehow failed to restore confidence, and in the absence of public confidence no monetary system can survive. (The recent bank holiday in the gold-holding U.S.A. is a case in point). None of the above facts are mentioned by the writer who leaves us to assume that all attempts at a managed currency and controlled inflation today are doomed to follow the course taken by uncontrolled inflation a hundred and fifty years ago.

For the mechanism of inflation during the great war there is a brief but excellent quotation from Dr. Gustav Cassel. We are then told that at the end of the war the currency outstanding in the belligerent countries was twenty times that of 1913. We are not told that in spite of this the 1920 prices in England were only three times pre-war, in France five times, and in the U.S.A. about double. If the currency can be diluted twenty fold with a price rise of only three to five fold, the lesson is worth knowing. This point also shows that there is no parallel whatever between the 1914 inflation and that of Revolutionary France and America. The Historical Background loses what little significance it had.

The real inflation in Europe was a post-war phenomenon. In France and Italy the subsequent devaluation, deliberately overdone, wiped out 80% of franc and 75% of lira values. No details of these inflations are given, though they would be of much greater interest than those of 1790. One suspects political and financial sabotage on a grand scale, but the evidence either way is hard to find. The writer leads the innocent reader to assume, without proof, that all the devaluation misery in Europe was the direct result of the war inflation. This is so obviously untrue that one has grounds for doubting his good faith.

For the German inflation Dr. Hjalmar Schacht is quoted: 'the circulation per head of the population had risen during the war from about 110 to about 440 marks.' A four fold increase in currency then precipitated the 'refuge in material values' which led to the complete collapse of the mark. Are we expected to believe that while a twenty fold currency increase in England could raise prices only three fold, a mere four fold currency increase in Germany could start a panic, without there being some other factors involved? Most of us are credulous fools, but not quite to that extent. Once again, in this German inflation orgy, we suspect a bankers' ramp; but exact information on the matter is conspicuously absent. The whole truth about Europe's inflationary escapades will probably never be known to this generation. We do know, however, that the financial situation was complicated by political factors at every stage, and that there was a large group of internationally-minded financial and industrial pirates fishing in troubled waters to their own great profit.

The writer finally sums up the question of inflation in the following remarkable paragraph which deserves quotation in full. 'The effects of excessive currency issue are, first to make paper money available beyond the legitimate requirements of trade and so attempt to make it do the work that the exchange of goods and services should do, but for various reasons will not do in a period of depression;

and secondly, when the public can no longer be kept in the dark, to cause such a loss of confidence in the value of this money that people will rush to convert it into something more tangible, leaving the money to take care of itself. This is the lesson that history teaches and it will be deplorable if it has to be learned over again.' History also teaches that Bankers, like Bourbons, learn nothing and forget nothing. To pretend that this amazing jumble of obvious but irrelevant statements bears any relationship to what has led up to it, is worthy of an editorial in a Montreal-owned newspaper. And this without the excuse of journalistic ignorance.

The last half of the paper is only remotely concerned with inflation. It deals informatively and well with the question of deliberate devaluation of pound or dollar for purposes of foreign exchange. This devaluation is really a weapon for use in the now popular game of trying to increase exports while restricting imports. The author shows in some detail that competitive exchange devaluation is not much use to anybody.

On the last page of the Monthly Letter is given, by some ironic chance, a graphic representation of the alternative to inflation. This is a chart of wholesale prices in Canada showing their steady fall during the past twelve months.

If this article had been merely an address to some elderly group of leading citizens at the York Club, no exception would have been taken to it. One does not lecture on the higher criticism at a fundamentalist camp-meeting. But at a time of crisis like the present it is not playing the game to circulate misleading information under the aegis of a great institution like the Canadian Bank of Commerce. A course of public education in the elements of modern banking and finance is undoubtedly an imperative need today, but such special pleading as is here referred to merely increases distrust. There is no need to increase public distrust of bankers in these days; the events of the present and the revelations of the past are doing that in full measure. If the bankers really want an enlightened public opinion upon which they can rely in their hour of need, let them cooperate with the younger members of the economics departments of the Universities in establishing an impartial group of publicity experts for the supply of honest financial information to the public. Norman Angell has pointed out that one of our most important needs is the spread of elementary economics among the people and their rulers. If such a group had been established even five years ago, its value today would be very great; and its educational work would have made possible those measures of 'Constructive Legislation' for which a distracted country still waits in vain.

AFTER THE HOUSE PARTY

To pick one up the Lord might stoop,
But could He want them in a group?

S. C.

RURAL EDUCATION IN ONTARIO

By S. B. McCREADY

IT has long been a commonplace remark that our country schools have failed to serve the fundamental needs of country life. The usual charge is that our system of rural education follows the pattern of the town schools and leads away from the interests of agriculture and the open country. There is no doubt that the country has failed to find a native-born and sustaining scheme of education for country life such as Denmark has so successfully provided for her rural population.) Why is this so?

For this failure no group or organization is specifically to blame. It is just because we have not possessed the genius within our racial make-up for such an accomplishment. The town has been too strong for the country. The country people themselves are not to blame except in so far as they have failed to develop a modern Ryerson—and they can not be blamed for that. The Department of Education cannot be charged as responsible as it has always tried to give the people what they wanted. The Department of Agriculture cannot be blamed for it has no authority in the educational field. The University cannot be accused for no one thinks of a university as very much concerned directly with the folk on the farms. The agricultural press has not been responsible for it interprets its service principally in a critical attitude towards educational matters rather than in constructive suggestions. The Agricultural College might be blamed by some, but it must be remembered that that institution does not operate under the Department of Education. No, nobody is specifically to blame for the failure of the country school to grow up. It is still the kind of school that was suited to a pioneer type of farm life. It has not kept step with the modern developments of country life.

The desperately hard conditions in the country today and the generally recognized fact that the well-being of society at large depends upon the prosperity of agriculture suggests that it might be worth while to examine the country school and its work to find out how it has come about that it has failed, to the end that a better country school may be evolved for the days when the depression will have lifted and rebuilding processes commenced.

There are four factors operative in a school system, namely:—

- 1.—the teacher;
- 2.—the course of study;
- 3.—the plan of local administration;
- 4.—the supervision and support from provincial or other authorities.

Let us briefly set forth the position of each of these with regard to our rural schools.

The teacher is undoubtedly the most important factor in the operation of a system of education. This is probably the most serious weakness in our country schools. The country has failed to develop great teachers. Especially for the teen-age boys and girls who have completed their elementary school work. While there has been improvement in the quality of teaching through better normal training

there has been deterioration in the quality of the personnel. Like modern machinery, the country teacher is now the product of the city. The city holds the country in thrall in the plan of teacher training. The schools are taught by urban-trained apprentices qualifying for urban positions. There is no pride of calling amongst the teachers of the country. They are immature, unorganized, and isolated transients; individually, fine young people deserving of all praise and support, but as a force to shape and inspire country life far from adequate.)

For a first-rate country population there must be first-rate teachers. Country schools should have the best teachers. At any rate just as good and experienced teachers as urban schools. For a prosperous, independent, efficient, and self-respecting country people is of prime importance to Canada. Country life cannot be what it should and must be if it is not served educationally as well as city or town life—not in the same way, however, but with schools and teachers redolent of the soil. This is one of the great problems of our land—to evolve a system of rural education with great teachers, permanent, mature, and country-minded.)

When our school system was established about ninety years ago with normal trained teachers as one of its foundation stones, there was apparently the intention in the mind of Ryerson of having permanent male teachers in charge of country schools. I am unable to state how far this intention became operative throughout the province, but at least five schools in the country about Guelph built substantial stone residences for their schoolmasters and up to comparatively recent times retained competent male teachers for long terms. In one school they had had only four teachers in seventy-five years. This fine principle of rural education did not flourish widely or long. But what if it had?

Then there followed the Model Schools, which supplied country schools with young country-born male teachers in large numbers for terms of three or more years. In a great many schools these teachers had older boys and girls in advanced classes for the winter months. These county training schools were very close to the country. There are many schoolmen who consider that educationally the country was made poorer by their elimination, that country life would have been better served had some of them been retained and developed into a higher type of rural normal school. Next came the city-located Normal Schools training all the teachers for country schools as well as those for the urban schools. In the opinion of not a few observers a great opportunity for serving country life was missed when one of the new normal schools was not established in connection with the Agricultural College. Particularly if it could have been given some freedom to develop its policies and methods. The best way of discovering and training country teachers has not yet been discovered.

After the teacher, perhaps the next most important consideration is the curriculum. Here, too, the town dominates and sets the fashion. The country

school's course of study is that developed with the graded town school and possible attendance at high school and college in prospect. Life in the country and work on the farm, the richest raw material for educating children, have little or no consideration. The pull of the school is away from the country and towards the town. If it could have been recognized a generation ago that country life and farm work properly educationalized by the right sort of schoolmaster had in them quite the equivalent culture and training of Latin and books, the country might have been well on the way today to discovering a great system of secondary education that would have helped much towards making the country strong and self reliant.

It has been this defect that explains the failure of our so-called Continuation Schools to meet the needs of the country. Intended as country folks' secondary schools for the strengthening of country life, they have become in the thirty years of their development just another agency for preparing the best of country youth to get away from the land. They refused to accept any other sort of course of study than that required by the universities for those who might have ambitions to attend them. This meant Latin and other language studies which, however good and desirable in themselves, are incompatibles in a programme of studies required for nourishing country life. Our universities owe it to the country and to themselves to abolish their fixed entrance requirements and accept equivalents for Latin and other languages. They must become partners with the country. Such freedom has been granted by leading modern universities in England and the United States. It must be granted in Canada if our great agricultural population is to have educational equality with the town and professional life. The man on the land must be taken into account as no less deserving than the man in the city.

In effect the universities might say this to the people in the country—"We grant you a new freedom. If you want to develop a new sort of school we shall not hinder you with our entrance requirements. We shall no longer refuse to receive pupils who are not specially equipped with Latin or other foreign languages. So long as they are well grounded in English, Mathematics, Science, and Social Studies we will accept them. They will not be hindered or penalized for having stayed at home to work on the farm. Indeed we recognize that work as a splendid preparation and equipment for joining our classes should they so desire."

Such freedom would permit the country to rediscover the old-time winter school which the older pupils attended thirty or forty years ago, with the work on the land in the summer correlated with the instruction of the classroom. A school taught by a specially trained graduate of the Agricultural College whose services during the summer months would be available for other schools of the township as well as his winter class. And for the graduates of such schools no penalties!

There is common agreement amongst those interested in the betterment of education for country life that future progress will depend upon cooperation between school sections. Some think that a plan of township administration would be best. Others that a county system is preferable. But how to bring

about either the one or the other is an unsolved problem. The country is educationally embedded in the small section. Two attempts have been made in the past thirty years to remedy this weakness. Both have failed. Not entirely because the country people are incurably conservative in educational matters, but, perhaps, chiefly because the methods used for bringing about the reforms have not been suited to the psychology of country folk.

The first failure was that of the so-called Macdonald Consolidated School movement originated in 1903 under the leadership of the late Dr. Jas. W. Robertson with the financial support of the late Sir William Macdonald of Montreal. Space does not permit of detailed consideration of all the factors which determined the failure, but it may be stated in general terms that, in addition to the expensiveness of the plan proposed, there was insufficient spade work to prepare the seed bed for it. For any reform that may come about can only arise as an expression of the desires of the people themselves. They must work out their own salvation.

The second failure has been the more recent plan to replace sectional administration by township administration. Eventually some modification of this plan will probably prevail, especially township cooperation in working out schemes for fifth classes or intermediate high schools. But time will be required to educate public opinion away from its rigid adherence to the small school section and its rather stupid devotion to the little red school house. In this connection one can not but wonder if the competitive school fairs carried on in the country schools for the past twenty years have not fostered the sectional spirit and hindered the growth of the cooperative disposition which must prevail between school sections if progress is to be attained in larger views. Indeed, it may be asked, is not the general policy of competitions promoted amongst farmers a deterrent to the cooperative spirit so necessary for the well being of the country population? One can not reap figs from thistles. Nor expect crops of cooperation from seeds of competition.

While it is true that reforms in rural education must come from country people themselves, it is also true that they must be led to see that changes are desirable and possible. For the attainment of this perhaps the most promising force would be the close cooperation of the Departments of Education and Agriculture. There is great need for team-play between them. Their problem is a common one.

The Agricultural College has great possibilities for further service in this connection. One has been mentioned already, namely, the training of rural teachers in a special normal department. It is rather an anomaly that graduates of the college, planning to teach, should get their professional training in the metropolitan schools of Toronto. And further to be regretted is the fact that nearly all of them are teaching in the urban schools of the province. The Macdonald Institute has great possibilities too for serving the cause of rural education. If, by any means it could become a great Country Women's University, it would be a blessing to the country. It was for such a service that it was given to the province, but unfortunately it is the town that has captured it. The college performs a fine service to country schools in its summer courses for teachers. This

should be supplemented by a revival of its extension work with the country schools. One of the great weaknesses in rural education is that the isolated country teachers have no agency or organization to assist them in their problems or give them leadership. The teacher sees her inspector twice a year, it is true, but that is official and brief. The most important body of teachers in the land should have an ever-ready helping hand in the Agricultural College.

Additional financial support will have to be found for any forward movement. From what source can this be secured? Impoverished as it is, no doubt the country would find more means for any scheme of schooling that sold itself to their judgment. And the province could help generously as it always has

done in prosperous times. Nor would it be unfair to look to the federal treasury for support of a financial character. For it is for the national good. If Ottawa thought it wise and profitable to grant millions for technical education in towns and cities, it must so consider also the support of a scheme of education for the most important children in the land, children who are perhaps even more precious in a civic sense than the city boy for whom as much as \$200 will be spent yearly in a technical school. Not that \$200 would be required for each country boy. There is no elaborate building needed for him or expensive equipment. The chief need for the country boys are great teachers. To secure and hold such for the country schools of Canada is a task well deserving of generous federal support.

MARRIED TEN YEARS

By KARLTON KELM

HER mind was made up. Her bags were packed. She was leaving Jed. There was a ham cooked off, salad in the ice-box, plenty of clean linen. By the time that was gone he would have got around to advertise for a housekeeper.

Now she wrote the note, the note that explained. It was better than telling him. He never understood what she said anyway. And she hated scenes. She also hated goodbyes. She was not a sentimental woman.

She puzzled over her wrist-watch as one preoccupied with other things. He would find the note on his plate, read it, grunt, and eat with appetite the meal she had prepared. 3.15. The taxi would be along any minute now. A few minutes more of this, then something else. What?

Wasn't it the uncertainty of that 'what' that made it so attractive? Her lip curled. She wondered what her friends would say. The practical, domestic, strong-willed Mrs. Raven. Mrs. Raven, who so successfully ran her home, her car, her husband; who found time for Aid, two contract clubs, and the St. John Altar Society.

Mrs. Raven hurried to the window, her rather thick legs uncertain, her rather large mouth set. Outside it was raining, quiet rain, questioning rain. Mrs. Raven told herself it was really the rain that had decided her. Last time it rained she had been with the Altar Society; the time before, she had gone down to look at dresses; and the time before . . . well, it was only the past year the rain had affected her. It was only the past two years that Mr. Raven was as he was. And they hadn't had a great deal of rain.

Mrs. Raven studied her wrist-watch again, but really didn't see the time at all. It was Mrs. Raven's first attempt at running away. Also, she was nearsighted without her glasses. And she was thinking how she had saved Jed Raven ten years ago. And now he was aware of his salvation and secure in it. Which was most disheartening.

Mrs. Raven reflected how she had taken Mr. Raven drunk, jobless, almost penniless, got him a good job (thanks to a cousin who was a cousin of the mayor's), smuggled him off to symphonies or

Shakespeare, and even read poetry to him when the weather was forbidding. Of course she had loved him. Mr. Raven was not disagreeable except when he was drunk, and though he almost always was in those days, she was fast curing him. Mr. Raven, in turn, was believed to have been, when sober, somewhat of a fool about her. But since both were well over thirty at the time of their marriage, she had decided they must conduct their carnal relations with something of a dignity and restraint fitting to their age and conducive to her husband's salvation. Consequently, they had no children, and Mrs. Evans spoke of her devotion to Mr. Raven as being utterly selfless.

Touched by these reflections Mrs. Raven daubed at her eyes, though as we have learned, she was not a sentimental woman. Then she straightened her rather too trim hat in the mirror over the mantle and observed that she was still an attractive woman, (without her glasses),—that even the forties were meant for more than the Altar Society, a number of meals, and a bed with a man to whom it had come to suggest nothing more than sleep. And she would have been appeased with so little: a goodnight kiss, an occasional thank you, some crystal beads of his own selection; not that she particularly enjoyed kissing Jed, or much valued his opinion on jewelry, but it would have been something.

Surely that taxi should be here by now. Mrs. Raven took to pacing up and down her domestic oriental, studying its intriguing pattern. She reflected that had it rained more frequently she wouldn't have bought the thing at all. It had taken nearly a full month's salary plus the returns from the pawn of a very small diamond, a graduation present from her mother. Suddenly Mrs. Raven stopped pacing. What if the taxi didn't come? The engine might explode, the driver forget the address, run out of gas, blowouts! Tomorrow the sun would come out bright as a dollar; her chance would be gone.

Again she hurried to the window. It was raining harder now, might even clear up. Now a car was pulling up in front, yes, a yellow one. Now a man was hurrying up the path. The driver, coming for



LANDSCAPE DRAWING

By CHARLES H. SCOTT

her bags of course. About to turn away, instinctively she looked again. Something about those shoulders . . . good God! it was Jed. Jed coming home in the middle of the afternoon.

Mrs. Raven flung into the front hall, threw her grips into the clothes closet, flung into the dining-room, pulling off her hat as she went. She grabbed the note from Jed's plate, crumpled it into the tiny pocket in her jacket, stiffened, relaxed, and waited for him to call her name, as was his custom on entering the house.

'Ora!' His voice, as always, gruff, resentful, afraid.

'Yes?' She managed a smile and went in to greet him.

He was taking off his top-coat, now the hat, the hat that always looked as though someone had sat on it directly before he put it on. He wasn't looking at her. He hardly ever did anymore. Not looking at his wife outwardly established an attitude of indifference most gratifying to his manhood and independence. Looking at her made him self-conscious of his dependence. But perhaps he was aware of none of these things.

'There's a cab out there', he told her, starting for the clothes closet with his wraps.

'Oh?' For a moment she studied his face, found it unsuspecting, vacuous. She thought he might have at least accused her of an affair with the taxi driver. Then, in the nick of time, remembering her baggage, she grabbed the coat and hat from him. 'Here, I'll tend to these,' she offered a bit too eagerly. But Mr. Raven did not seem to notice. He had picked up the morning paper.

The taxi horn blew. An awful moment. 'Of course it's a mistake,' she decided, and hurried out the front door to send the thing away. Mr. Raven's countenance altered considerably during those moments she was gone. His jaw dropped open, his shoulders slumped, and his eyes looked very weak and watery. He blinked vaguely at the room, at the world in general, like a beaten hound. But when Mrs. Raven returned she found him as before, even a trifle absorbed in the morning paper which he had already looked through at lunch time.

'You never got home this early before,' accused Mrs. Raven.

He looked at her for a moment (one of those rare moments), as if he were trying to read her thoughts. Then he blushed foolishly and started for the living room with his paper. 'Can't a man get off early once without being jawed for it?' he asked gruffly.

So that was all there was to it. Mrs. Raven was disappointed. She had hoped that something was wrong, that something had happened, she hardly knew what, but something very definite and quite devastating. And just because he had come home in the middle of the afternoon.

She smiled sourly and followed him into the living room.

'You forgot your rubbers this morning.'

'You forgot to remind me,' he snapped back from behind his paper and clouds of smoke from his pipe.

Then Mrs. Raven felt the strangest thing. She felt a lump in her throat. And be it ever remembered, Mrs. Raven was not a sentimental woman. For a moment she chose to retain the lump, then she

swallowed it. What did rubbers have to do with love? Any old housekeeper could remind him of his rubbers.

'I'll get you some dry socks.'

Mr. Raven tried to re-read a rather amusing article on Prohibition. What he really read was: 'Fancy, our both getting the same taxi! If I hadn't missed my car I'd have not even thought of permitting myself such an extravagance. If it hadn't been raining I'd have waited for the next car and Ora would have been gone when I got here.'

'Did she really want to run away? Do women really do such things, after ten years? Well, why don't I ask her? Am I afraid of what she'll tell me? Perhaps I think there's another way out. And there is. If I tell her the truth about my coming home so early—if I tell her I've just lost my job, the job she got for me . . . ? She'll never leave me then. Not Ora. She's a good wife.'

'If I tell her how they let a younger man stay, just because he had a baby to support . . . If I tell her how I felt when I slammed out of that office—how I hurried home to her, comforted by the fact that at least she was left, that at least I'd always have her . . . If I tell her . . .

'But do I want to keep her that way? Would it be fair after all she's done for me already? . . . Still, how can I be sure she didn't do all those things simply because she enjoyed doing them, because they made me weaker and her stronger. My God! for two years now, ever since she forgave me so readily for gambling my insurance money, I've suspected her motives and taken it out on her with gruffness, ungratefulness, indifference. The thanks a wife gets for giving her husband understanding. And yet, I don't believe she's even noticed. Now what will I do? I want to be fair with her, but God! I'd be lost without Ora.'

'Maybe if I were to be a bit tender with her. It's been years since . . . No, Ora is a strong woman. She would think it silly. Still, tonight . . . a little softness . . . maybe.'

Mr. Raven's face flushed pleasantly, and he felt almost young again. He was going back, back . . . melting. But when Ora came in, her face so stern and set, something in him froze, and he held the paper higher.

Mrs. Raven knelt, unlaced his shoes, sighed. This sock business was humiliating for a woman so thoroughly emancipated as herself, and yet, she took it on of her own accord, when she forgot to remind him of his rubbers, as if to rebuke herself for failing in a wifely duty and at the same time delude her husband into believing that, after all, he was lord and master of his home. That she was deluding him, Mrs. Raven never doubted. Indeed, quite blindly she had deluded him beyond recall. Which was disgustingly ironical, she admitted. And yet, she went on deluding him. She wondered why.

Whether deluded or not, Mr. Raven had always enjoyed this sock business, but quite secretly, of course. Today, however, he found it vastly annoying—in fact, mocking. And he wondered how much longer his wife would keep up her ridiculous pretense. When accidentally her hand brushed against his bare foot, he shuddered violently.

Mrs. Raven looked up sharply. 'Got a chill?'
'Your hand's like ice.'

'Well, so's your feet!'

Finally he could stand it no longer. Maybe if he led up to the subject in some way, she would confess everything. His eye lit on a story about a bride who had been killed in a motor-car an hour after her wedding. 'Read this?' he asked, pushing the paper under her nose.

She looked, read. 'Well, nothing could be more tragic than that,' she decided casually.

His cheeks were burning. Now was his chance. He puffed thoughtfully at his pipe for a few moments, then he said, casually too, 'It would have been more tragic had he lost her after ten years.'

She started a bit, but having looked into his eyes she concluded he was referring only to the young couple in the paper. She said crisply, 'I don't agree with you at all. After ten years he may have learned not to . . .' Her voice trailed off into an unintelligible jumble—something about the ice-man, and no tickets out.

He was too confused to look at her, but her voice told him she hadn't understood.

She picked up the wet socks and left for the kitchen. 'What's the use?' she thought. 'He wouldn't see it was us I was talking about. He thinks I'm happy because I don't wear a long face. He thinks I enjoy changing his dirty socks.'

While Mr. Raven went on reading his paper, reading nothing, imagining he read about a woman who had murdered both her husband and her sweetheart with a meat axe. Then, suddenly, he sat bolt-upright in his chair. Did Ora's pretending mean she had given up the idea for good? She had seen him come in at the door without his rubbers and had realized how much he needed her. That was it, the rubbers had turned the trick. Still, he would wait until after supper before he told her about losing his job.

Soothed by these reflections Mr. Raven fell back in his chair, let the paper drop to the floor, closed his eyes. After all, he had seen no baggage about. Perhaps Ora was simply ashamed for him to know she had ordered a taxi for some little errand when the street car was so much more economical. O he was tired. He had been through a lot today. First that, and now this ridiculous taxi business. O well . . . Mr. Raven tried to doze off for a bit.

Mr. Raven was awakened by his wife calling him to supper. He groaned, stretched himself, remembered. Once in the dining room he decided he wasn't hungry. It was the first time in years that he could remember not being hungry. And paradoxically enough, it was the first time in years he complimented his wife on her cooking. (Was it the first stroke in his reversion to 'tenderness'?)

'What beautiful boiled ham,' had been the compliment.

Mrs. Raven looked dumbfounded. Her mouth opened, and her butter knife fell to the floor. But almost at once she regained her composure and cried, 'Then eat it, and don't pick at it so'. Now it was she who was gruff.

Mr. Raven sniffed and wondered why they both couldn't be either gruff or not gruff at the same time. But it was as he feared. Ora would endure no 'softness'.

After that both of them 'picked' in silence and

tried not to notice how much potato salad and lemon jello they left on their plates.

'This is your lodge night, isn't it?' asked Mrs. Raven suddenly.

'Yes.' Mr. Raven was apprehensive, too apprehensive for comfort. But he drank his coffee complacently.

'Of course you're going?'

Mr. Raven gulped, swallowed his coffee the wrong way, choked. For suddenly it was all so evident to him. She had ordered the taxi driver to come back for her after he was gone to lodge. Her bags were probably hid in the clothes closet. She would catch the 8.55 for Chicago.

He was glad he was choking. It gave him a chance to think before he answered her question.

'Well, you are, aren't you?' Her voice, gently insisting.

He folded his napkin, stood up, set his jaw hard, so that his lips wouldn't tremble so. 'I don't know as I am,' he said feebly. Then he turned away. He stumbled out onto the front porch to get the evening paper. It was still raining, but a quick thin rain that is of short duration. Mr. Raven decided two things. First, that now he could not tell his wife what had happened. Second, that there would be a moon before the night was over. Then he went back into the house and glanced at the headlines, without seeing them, laid the paper down on the hall table, and went upstairs to tidy up a bit, just in case, the last minute, Ora did something to make him decide to go to lodge, after all.

Mrs. Raven washed up the dishes, tidied the kitchen, and wondered what ever had possessed Jed to speak of her boiled ham. And for the second time that day a very definite lump arose in her throat. Then she remembered the grips in the clothes closet, thought it very strange that at the turning point in her life she should stop to meditate on boiled ham, and hurried into the front hall to lay out her husband's coat and hat and rubbers, as if she hoped the very sight of them would inveigle him into attending lodge and at the same time deter him from the clothes closet;—although she reflected bitterly, it would have probably never occurred to him that baggage was not native to clothes closets, nor to front halls either for that matter. Nevertheless, she was careful to throw some old coats over her luggage and sighed in relief at having just finished doing so when Jed came down the stairs.

Now it was she who glanced at the headlines. He looked at her, looked at his coat and hat, looked at the clothes closet door, blinked vaguely at all of them, and felt very old and very useless, the beaten hound again.

'I'm going to lodge,' he said quietly.

Somehow, his saying this didn't relieve Mrs. Raven as it should have. She thought he looked so tired, remembered how little he had eaten for supper, and wondered whether he might be coming down with a cold.

Mr. Raven put on his coat and hat and started for the door.

O this was ridiculous. She couldn't let him go like this, without a kiss, without goodbye. But he looked so cross, so disinterested, so self-contained that all she could call after him was, 'Your rubbers!'

But he didn't come back for them. He told him-

self he was an independent man at last. But in his heart he knew it didn't matter . . . now: independence, wet feet, colds. Anything. Mr. Raven slammed the front door after him.

Mrs. Raven stood very still for a moment. She felt like doing something very strange, that is, strange for Mrs. Raven. She felt like crying. But alas, there wasn't time. There were a number of things to attend to before the taxi came. The milk bottles must be put out with tickets in them, the ice-water emptied, and it had just occurred to her that it would be nice to stir up some muffins for Jed's breakfast. So she got busy, one eye on the clock, her mind a blank, only her hands feeling vital, worthwhile.

Now everything was done. She was powdering her nose, putting on her hat. Now the horn, the driver helping her with her things. Now taking a last look, her precious domestic oriental, Jed's rubbers, now locking the door, unlocking it, going back to see if the gas was turned off, out again, the key in the mail-box. Down the porch steps.

It had stopped raining. The moon was coming up. She hesitated, stopped. She had never gone in for symbols but the moon did look so nice. Then quickly, blindly, she hurried into the taxi, and once in its shadows and off her feet she felt quite brave again. She even asked herself why she hadn't gone off in the taxi the first time it came—gone off right in front of Jed, instead of going to so much trouble to conceal her intentions. But almost before she asked that question, she answered it, with a sigh, 'I thought he had lost his job or something. I thought it would change everything, make things so easy again. We could have started all over, Jed and I, and once more we'd have had something to fight for, together.'

Another hour found Mrs. Raven in her berth on the train, getting undressed, pausing occasionally to look out at the moon. She wondered if Chicago would be very exciting, alone—and if rubbers or changing socks or ham or colds might have something to do with love, after all.

Then she remembered the note. She had forgotten to leave it, and it lay crumpled and torn in her pocket. Her strong face quivered a bit as she smoothed it out and read in the moonlight: *Jed, you don't need me any more. And a woman has to be needed. It's different with a man. P.S. I wish we might've had a baby.*

Mrs. Raven tore up the note and looked up at the moon. She wondered should she cry or should she laugh. For, suddenly, life seemed not only sad but very funny. Then she laughed and told herself that life was funnier than it was sad.

Mrs. Raven was not a sentimental woman.



CANADIAN Writers of the Past

VII

JULES FOURNIER

CONSIDERED in retrospect the first decade of this century seems the twilight of the heroic age in Canadian politics. The last of the knights errant, Bourassa Nationalism, tilts gayly and persistently at the windmills of John Bull & Co., preserving something of the spark of '37, a solitary patch of colour against the drab background of graft and decaying Liberalism. It is not a long period; it begins roughly with the resistance to participation in the Boer War and ends calamitously with the sell-out to the Tories in 1911. But what fun while it lasted! Bourassa swaying thousands at the Monument National—torchlight processions—*il a gagné ses épaullettes*. And round the figure of the great tribune a little group of devoted lieutenants, three of whose names seem destined to survive a quarter of a century later: Armand Lavergne, Olivar Asselin, and Jules Fournier.

The three musketeers of Nationalism—and Fournier is the Aramis, physically the frailest, temperamentally the most alert. Instead of a rapier a pen, for the press even more than the platform was the battleground of French-Canadian Nationalism. He wielded that pen for fifteen years, from his apprenticeship as a cub-reporter on *La Presse*, through the heroic, bailiff-ridden years of *Le Nationaliste* to the founding of *Le Devoir*, on to the press gallery at Ottawa and to his premature death in 1918, literally worn out at 33. Yet during that decade and a half, writing under the most unfavourable circumstances imaginable, Fournier penned some of the most vigorous, clairvoyant prose to be found anywhere in French-Canadian letters.

It is the good prose of a good journalist; so is the prose of Steele and the prose of Beaumarchais. Fournier never pretended that it was anything else and there was no need to. Indeed it seems doubtful whether outside his journalism and its immediate always pressing aims, Fournier had an existence that mattered. It would be possible to scrape together a little extraneous biography to satisfy the curious. For instance, Fournier was born at Coteau-du-Lac. At this point I can imagine the future author of a *Life* expatiating on the combative virtues of the racial frontier; Vaudreuil and Soulange have bred fighters. (Here a necessary parenthesis on the Abbé Lionel Groulx!). Let us leave human geography to its own fanatics. Another fact: Fournier was a son of peasant stock, his youth was relatively impoverished, and he only enjoyed a portion of that classical education which is the foundation and often the damnation of most French-Canadian writers. This fact seems more pertinent. It made Fournier an auto-didact and conditioned his attitude to things of the mind for the most part in a healthy manner. If it left him slightly candid in the face of the culturally imposing—Fournier's articles from France rather betray the country cousin—at the same time it preserved him from all the sins of hot-house in-

tellectualism. Fournier was never a pedant like all those Quebec abbés who write 'criticism', but he knew good stuff because he had to find it for himself.

A third and last incident from his life, but one which only seemingly has any existence apart from his journalism. I refer to his imprisonment. Fournier was not the first of his race to have a taste of British justice, but even at this distance the stink of this particular legal lynching nauseates me. Accused of slandering a judge, Fournier was brought up before the same judge, found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the Quebec jail. Fournier's intimates say he never really recovered from the rigours of that summer behind the bars, but we owe to it that little gem of good-humoured satire, the unfinished *Souvenirs de Prison*. At a time like the present, when patriots and idealists languish in Kingston and elsewhere, Fournier's little buff-coloured pamphlet takes on the high importance of a breviary. It should bear as a sub-title *How to go to Jail in Canada like a gentleman*. Nothing Fournier ever wrote reveals in so compact a space the essential fineness of the man, his courage, and his wit.

It also, to my mind, reveals his true literary ancestry. Admirers of Fournier are fond of linking him up in the same *famille d'esprit* with Jules Lemaitre or with Louis Veuillot. The comparisons are absurd; any transatlantic parallels would be in the case of Fournier. The *Souvenirs de Prison* prove his Canadian descent from the spiritual stock of Arthur Buies, that robust and spiky satirist who has never been adequately recognized by his compatriots, because, forsooth, he occasionally pulled long noses at Mother Church. But if Fournier is of the race of Buies one can only wonder a little sadly what has happened to the next generation after him.

What did Fournier do as a Nationalist journalist? M. Olivar Asselin in his arrangement of the two volumes of Fournier's journalistic remains, which go by the title of *Mon Encrier*, has divided his work into two domains, political and literary. The division is convenient and logical but perhaps a little arbitrary. Fournier's real work was to hammer out a critique of the French-Canadian of his day in all his aspects, perhaps the bitterest analysis of his own race any French-Canadian has ever constructed, and certainly the most penetrating. In the shadow of this critique politics and literature merge; there is no dividing line.

Yet the division has its academic uses still. Let us take advantage of it. Fournier the political writer has no special competence, particularly in the broader issues of the struggle. If he specialized in anything it was in exposing municipal and provincial corruption, for Nationalism in its heyday had a Puritan reforming zeal about it. He has left us a portrait-gallery of studies of the French-Canadian graftor, early twentieth century, which historians will have to take into account. In his zeal Fournier even got himself elected to the Montreal City Council; a forgotten episode which leads nowhere; Don Quixote in a pig-pen. Fournier's political studies led ultimately to disillusion, to a surface disappointment first with the leader himself, Bourassa, and ultimately and more fundamentally to a distrust of his compatriots. He did not find them wicked; he found them slack. This led inevitably to the formula of the *A peu près*, which is the key to the Fournier

critique. This is how he expresses it in its most condensed form:—

'Non, sans doute, nous n'avons pas dégénéré. Seulement, nous avons épaissi. Issus de la race la plus vive qui soit au monde, la plus nerveuse, la plus souple, la moins indolente, nous sommes devenus . . . ce que nous sommes, hélas! L'isolement, le climat, l'éducation, mille causes obscures, ont fini par faire de nous un peuple d'engourdis, de lymphatiques—des êtres lents, mous et fiasques; sans contour, en quelque sorte, et sans expression; tout en muscle, nuls par le nerf; dans toute leur personne, enfin, vivantes images de l'insouciance, du laisser-aller, de l'*à peu près*.'

Hard words, perhaps, but Fournier knew that the critic who really cares will not spare good sound kicks on the shins where they are likely to do most good. It was the same with his literary criticism. Only Henri d'Arles and possibly Louis Dantin have performed more merciless executions. The bane of French-Canadian literature was again the *à peu près* of its criticism, the loose, meaningless benevolence of a Camille Roy. '*La littérature dépend absolument de la critique. Là où il n'existe pas une véritable critique, vous cherchez en vain une littérature.*' Fournier pursued feeble-minded novelists like Judge Routhier as relentlessly as any boodler of St. James street or of the Gouin Government and for exactly the same reasons.

The actual volume of his published work is small. To the *Souvenirs de Prison* and *Mon Encrier* add the critico-historical *Anthologie des Poètes Canadiens*, his in germ and inception, though published posthumously by his widow and M. Olivar Asselin. The fact that this *Anthology* has just appeared in a new printing (May, 1933) shows, I think, that its original inception was sound. The rest of Fournier lies buried, probably forever, in the files of half a score of newspapers. Journalists must put up with that. He has left enough in more permanent form to make me want to go through those files some day and to wish there were more Jules Fourniers. But there can't be. The *raison d'être* of all Jules Fourniers is that there are so few of them and that they are so badly needed.

FELIX WALTER

SANCTUARY

I have come back to the sea
From the teeming city streets,
To the lonely, rocky coast
And the wind-washed land still shorn
By winter's icy clippers.
The bay-bush holds her last year berries,
The ash trees have not leaved,
But columbine climbs the wave-worn cliffs
And runs across the moor,
The lilacs here are sweeter
Than those that grow elsewhere,
The apple blooms a deeper rose
In the sharp sea-air.
I have come home to the sea
To stay to the end of time.

FRANCES R. ANGUS

THE SWELLING SHOUT

(On the theme of Edna St. Vincent Millay's
Aria da Capo)

Behold, two shepherds with a common flock,
dear friends and rustic singers, watching sheep
graze on the hillside, and the lazy clouds
wander across the sun: two country lads,
simple and free; and one would make a song
about a lamb that thought himself a shepherd. . . .

Behold, two corpses huddled on the ground,
. dead at each other's hands:
they who were brothers when Corydon wished
to sing his gay, fantastic song, and brothers
when, as he died, he drew about himself
some of the cloak from Thyrsis' stiffening form. . . .

You, Cothurnus, banging your prompt-book shut—
like a hurricane that tosses peaceful woods
into bewildered seas, sending great trunks
crashing to split and splinter fellow trees,
and leaves the ruined scene with final howl—
you drove these murdered shepherds to their doom.
Grim guiding force, spirit of tragedy,
of all the baser instincts that in man
give rise to his unhappiness: your voice
speaks in the subtle undertones that urge
the meaner for the finer thought and act,
keeping your puppets from an earthly heaven;
your hands clamp lying glasses to their eyes
that shrink the truth and magnify your ends.

When Corydon would sing his song, you prompt
Thyrsis to say: 'I know a game worth two of that!'
And so they make a wall of paper strips,
and lightly separate in rivalry.

(How many men, O Christ, pronounce as rock
the paper walls they jealously maintain,
scheming to turn this rivalry to gain?)

A silly game it is: now Thyrsis wants
to make the song instead, but Corydon
suspects a trick to trespass on his land.
He finds he has no water for his flock—
but what does Thyrsis care? His sheep have water;
he laughs at protests that it's all one flock.

(How many people, Christ, hoard for themselves
water that should supply the common need,
their minds degraded by the drug of greed?)

They see the game is foolish that would make
one let the sheep go thirsty, and they want
to be at peace again—but you, Cothurnus,
prompt Thyrsis in his turn to smell a trick.

Corydon finds jewels of gay confetti,
and dreams of being a wealthy merchant;
and though he can't be bothered watering sheep,
he will not part with them.

(O Christ, how many keep for keeping's sake?
. how many wretched slaves
worship confetti, lifeless to their graves?)

Thirsty himself,
at last he bargains for a drink, but loath
to lose so many jewels, conceives a plan
Thyrsis has found a weed, deadly and black,
a cure for pride and feverish ambition
And so they meet at the boundary wall,
and Thyrsis holds a bowl of poisoned water
for Corydon to drink, as Corydon
strangles him deftly with a string of jewels—
and dying then himself, he sees how tragic
the ugly game has been; crossing the wall
he joins his friend: they are at peace again—
and you, Cothurnus, bang your prompt-book shut.

Must men and nations, Christ, destroy themselves,
playing Cothurnus' game on to the bitter end
Each plotting slyly to outdo the others—
gloating behind their foolish paper walls—
holding possession higher than the common good
and welfare of the world—making distress
and breeding hate—how long, O martyred Christ,
will peoples bear this madness, tolerate
these promptings of Cothurnus that set men
against each other, branding all good-will
with quick suspicion, rousing jealousy,
sanctioning the greed that gains at any cost?

Does not the hateful prompter blanch or quail,
hearing the rising clamour through the world
of his rebellious puppets, hearing the sound
of crashing props, the swelling shout of those
who'd ring the curtain down? Does he not fear
that vengeful hands will haul him from his seat,
burning his prompt-book with rejoicing,
hurling him down and stripping off the robes
that lend him false prestige and dignity?

How long, O Christ, before Cothurnus falls,
and men, set free, acclaim you King, and smash
the crooked lenses that they wear, and see
this life in true perspective, so that all
work for the common welfare, letting none
prey like beasts upon their weaker brothers?
Even your churches, wed to their false gods
and full of pious cant, may yet return
to the simple teachings that in Palestine
you gave the world two thousand years ago:
teachings of love and justice—brotherhood—
stirring the minds of thousands in all lands
who shun the temples that profess to serve
you whom they call their Master and their Lord.

(Tremble, Cothurnus, on your threatened throne,
and let the star performers in your play
quake in their sacred counting-houses, quake
in their holy council-rooms, and quake
at tawdry altars raised to One who walks,
claiming his kingdom, through the dusty streets!) *

RONALD GRANTHAM



AND MERCY MILD

By ISABEL DALE

She sat very still and stared at the picture on the other side of the room. Her eyes were bright and wide and red. She felt that if she went to bed she would not be able to close them and that they would stay open for a very long time.

Her fingers clutched the wooden arms of her chair, twitching convulsively, but her body was calm and quiet. She could do nothing now. There was nothing to do.

In the kitchen she could hear the monotonous tapping of her old mother's crutches moving about the room. She was humming to herself in a flat, tuneless voice. Old people always seemed to hum like that. Mrs. Timms' mother next door was just the same.

There was a bleak whistling wind outside and the snow blew against the window. She got up stiffly and crossed the room. People would look at her if the blind was not down.

She sat down in her chair and began to rock back and forth. The rockers creaked rhythmically and loud so that she could no longer hear the tapping of her mother's crutches in the kitchen.

She had rocked in that chair before, years before. Tom and Jenny, Mary and—Ben. It did not seem very long since Ben was little.

Her eyes stared fixedly at the picture of Ben. She rocked back and forth, back and forth.

'It only took him ten minutes,' she whispered. 'And then it was the next one.'

The rocking ceased. She leaned far forward to see everything that was in the picture of Ben.

'Nineteen years old,' she muttered. 'Ten minutes.'

There was a clatter of dishes in the kitchen. The crutches of the old woman had stopped their tapping. Her humming was high and endless.

The woman in the rocking-chair dropped her wide red eyes to the small fire in the grate under the photograph. Little yellow flames leapt over a dark log. They gave a gentle heat.

She had not cried when she had said goodbye to Ben, nor when they had come home to this house without him. She had not cried at all since she had heard the sentence. She was too strong and too helpless to cry.

She began to rock back and forth with quick movements.

'He was drunk,' she said. 'He got it from Jim Jones.'

The wind outside howled dismally. She wondered if they would keep him warm enough, if he would have enough blankets at night. She wondered if he would feel sorry or if he would learn to hate and hate and hate. In the courtroom he did not remember very much about it. He had just gone with the others. That was all. He was not used to liquor, was Ben.

'The man they robbed was drunk too,' she murmured.

The clock that Ben won in a raffle struck eleven. It would be so nice if only she were able to sleep.

'He did not know anything about my Ben,' she cried in a low tone. 'He didn't know that he'd had

no father, and that he'd had no proper schooling, with me going out scrubbing.'

It was growing chilly in the room. She drew her chair across the floor and put another stick on the fire.

'He'll be twenty-two, my Ben,' she whispered.

Perhaps Ben would see Tom down there. Tom must be twenty-one now. It was a long time since she had seen him. Five years. He must be quite different now, her Tom. Boys knew so little at sixteen and they thought they knew so much.

She remembered Tom in court. He had been so different from Ben. He fought and screamed when he heard it. She had cried then. Cried and cried. Fifteen years.

But not now. There did not seem any sense in crying. On the afternoon her old mother had cried. She was so fond of Ben. He was so funny. He used to make her laugh every day. She would miss Ben too, would mother.

The house was quiet and the wind outside had dropped a little. A short distance down the street there was a band playing.

Hark the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born king.—

The people outside were singing. It would be Christmas soon, and she wondered why people bothered about Christmas any more.

It would be ten years more before she saw Tom, unless she got some money. It cost such a lot to go all that distance. She would be old... And now Ben.

A piece of streaked grey hair fell across the face of the woman but she felt nothing. Her fingers were opening and closing on the flat arms of her chair.

'Three years,' she mumbled. She leaned forward towards the fire and strained to see.

'And- and- twenty—' The fire was hot on her face.

'After two months,' she whispered. 'Twenty—'

She slipped from her chair and knelt on the hearth.

'Lashes!' she cried. Her voice was dry and cold.

O come all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant—

'Lashes,' she said, very still. For some time she knelt motionless on the hearth, but suddenly she turned her head and looked around the room. She got up quickly and walked out into the hall. She stood at the foot of the stairs and listened to her mother tapping about the kitchen. There were a lot of dishes to do after the last few days.

There was a man calling aloud at the meeting in the street.

'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'

She walked very slowly up the stairs. Her feet pressed gently on the steps. There were things that she might hear if she listened. She must not make a noise.

'Sh—' she whispered.

Her face was white and rigid. Her wide eyes

stared up to the dark hall above. Her body trembled violently so that she clutched the railing firmly in one hand. It would not do to fall and make a noise.

She must make sure that everything was all right. She must see that there was no one there. There must not be anyone in Ben's room.

She reached the top of the stairs and paused on the landing. It was so dark that she could scarcely see the doorway ahead of her. She listened, breathless. She could hear nothing but the band outside. There must not be anyone in Ben's room.

She crossed the hall stealthily and waited at the door. Everything seemed quiet within, but it was not enough. She must go in. She must see. She must see that there was no one there.

She pushed the door open slowly and peered in through the crack. It would not do to make a single sound. If there were anyone there, he must not hear her come into the room.

She pushed the door wide open and stepped into the dark room. She wanted to see the bed. There was only one window and the moonlight was dim. If there were anyone there—

He was very black. He was very tall. The whip in his hand hit the ceiling and lashed down on the bed. Once, twice, three times—

'Ha-ha-ha!' he laughed.

She reached the bed and threw herself across it. There was no one there. She raised her head and switched on the light. The room was empty.

She lay very still upon the bed of her son. Her weakness was such that she could not move. She felt tired, so tired, but she could not close her eyes.

Holy night, silent night,
All is dark, save the light—

Perhaps it would be easier if she were mad. There were people who went mad when things happened to them. Harry West up at the corner was so bad after his wife died in child-birth that they put him in an asylum.

Shepherds hear the angels sing,
Hallelujah! Hail the king—

When you went mad you said everything that you wanted to say. You did not have this hammering in your head. You could scream and scream. She could remember Harry screaming that he lost his wife because he could not afford a specialist. She could remember that he tried to kill the hospital interne.

She sat up on the bed and felt her forehead with her hand to see if she could stop the hammering within.

She would like to kill. She was going to kill.

With great care she rose from the bed and walked across the room. She would show them that Ben must be free. She would show them that he ought not to be lashed.

She stopped at the top of the stairs. She stared at the long dark shaft before her, swayed, and sat down, clinging madly to the post with both hands. She must not fall, she must not fall because of what she had planned to do. If only the hammering in her head would stop she would be able to walk downstairs instead of sitting like this. She would have to slip very carefully from step to step.

She reached the fifth step and leaned her head on her arms. From here to the bottom was so far. It would be a long way to fall. One, two, three, four, five, six. Fifteen more steps. Twenty altogether.

After two months—after two months—Twenty. One, two, three, four, five, six—

The first Noel that the angels did say,
Was to certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay.

Warily she crept from step to step to the foot of the stairs and stood trembling against the door of the living-room. She listened. Her mother's crutches were still tapping on the kitchen floor. It was good that she was busy.

The fire in the grate was low. She poked it fiercely and laid another stick upon it with one hand, pressing her forehead with the other in an effort to still the pounding.

She knelt by the fire to warm herself. Perhaps Harry West felt like this when he was going mad. Perhaps she was going mad. Perhaps she was mad now. She was going to kill.

She stood and walked to the window. One hand raised the blind and she gazed outside. The glass felt cool on her forehead.

She was mad and she was going to kill. She would show him. He would never do it again. They would see that they must free Ben. They must not lash—After two months—

She stared at the band in the street. The brass instruments reflected the street-lights.

Noel, Noel, Noel, No-el,
Born is the king of Isra-el.

There was a man standing in the centre of the band. He had a stick in his hand. He raised it high and brought it down. He was very black. He raised the whip high and brought it down. He raised the whip high and brought it down. One, two, three, four, five, six—

Hark the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born king—

She ran from the window and knelt again by the fire. Little flames leapt between the two sticks. She saw a long corridor. She saw a row of small rooms with doors. There was a man in each room looking through the bars in the door. She saw—

Her forehead pounded mercilessly. One, two, three, four, five, six—

The log at the back of the fire slipped from its position. She jumped to the window as though she had been struck. The man was still there.

There was a tapping sound in the dining-room. One, two, three, four, five, six—She was scarcely aware that her old mother was coming into the room.

There was a spark and a loud crack.

She dashed madly from the living-room into the hall. She threw open the front door and ran out into the night.

'STOP! STOP!' she cried. 'HE'S MY BOY!'

Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners—

The singers ceased. They turned and stared at a little woman with grey hair and a cotton dress running wildly down the street.

She did not feel the snow falling on her bare

arms nor notice that her hair was flying about her shoulders. She did not hear the voice of her mother calling after her from the doorway.

The black man! She must find him.

She ran faster and faster.

He had escaped. He could not be very far away.

'HE'S MY BOY!' she screamed. Perhaps he would hear her.

Her legs were trembling under her. She would not be able to run much farther. She must find him very soon.

'STOP! OH PLEASE STOP!' she cried.

She reached the corner of the street and clung to a post, searching about with her eyes.

THERE! there he was. He was coming towards her!

She made a last effort and sprang forward. The black man grabbed her in his arms. She struggled to find the whip in his hand. It was gone.

She tried to free herself but her arms could not push enough. She was very weak.

'Lashes,' she gasped.

The man talked to her and called her by name. She did not know what he was saying. She felt very, very weak...

She watched the two long rows of street lamps. There were far more than twenty. They kept going past her, one by one, but her feet were not walking any more.

She heard the man talking. He was saying that she was quite all right and that no one was hurting her.

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CORRECTION. In the June issue, G. A. Newson should have read G. A. Newman.



POPULAR ETHICS

DUTY AND HAPPINESS IN A CHANGED WORLD, by M. M. Kirkwood (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 207; \$2.00).

IT was a happy idea of Mrs. Kirkwood's to write these informal, conversational chapters on the great moral issues which are now perplexing a bewildered generation. One of the many vices of democracy—related, no doubt, to its notorious fickleness—is a strong disposition to what may be called Immediacy, by which is meant the propensity to be influenced by the 'latest' and the superficially obvious. Its weakness is not revealed in times of prosperity such as have prevailed on this continent until recently with little break for two generations or more. During such times, mere techniques, 'gadgets' and catchwords come to acquire something of the solidity of principles—at least in appearance. Yet, in point of fact, they may be nothing more than incantations or mascots that happen to accompany the reign of prosperity, and so, in primitive magical fashion are treated as real causes.

The fatuity of such over-facile diagnoses is revealed when depression and crisis stimulate the necessary process of questioning in thoughtful minds. But questioning is not enough. The old idols may merely be exchanged for new ones of the same kind, as has happened again and again, or there may follow an orgy of sheer idol-smashing attended by little or no sense of the cult which is to be substituted. There is no real salvation at such times except in a resolute return to reason, and in a democracy such a return cannot have its effect unless it is shared in by the people as a whole.

It is from such reflections as these that one may arrive at some estimate of the value of Mrs. Kirkwood's book. She makes no effort to treat difficult problems as though they were easy, and there is no concession to popular demand for a new slogan. But she does avoid technicalities, she does go to current incident for her illustrations, and she writes easily and persuasively out of a rich background of reading, thought, and experience.

Such a book necessarily covers a wide range and not all of the chapters are of high value. Chapters 2 and 3, for instance (on elementary psychology and evolution of morals respectively), are too slight to be of much value, and the same applies to the chapter on vocation.

But in her own special field, in all that concerns the rights and functions and contributions of women in the social order—family-life, mating, and marriage—Mrs. Kirkwood writes with real helpfulness and illumination. There are many who will think the chapter on 'Love, Marriage, and Parenthood' quite the best in the book. It is a robust and timely plea for regarding the married state as the field for a rich and ennobling human discipline. Readers should find in it some healthy antidotes to much current sophistry that is at bottom nothing better than the old politicians' trick of persuading the mob

that emancipation and modernity lie along the primrose path of rationalizing its baser passions.

But the logically-minded reader who seeks to derive from the book a few clear and unequivocal principles for his guidance may find himself baffled and confused by the author's uncertain and somewhat contradictory handling of the basic concepts. She never quite emancipates herself from the distinction between self-regarding and other-regarding virtues, and from the tendency to treat individual and social life as a co-ordinated dualism. She says (p. 37): 'The two elements of social claim and individual need, are present in the normal human experience side by side', and there are other passages which reflect the same unresolved dualism. Yet she is well aware of the limitations of any ideal of mere self-sacrifice as such. Thus, on p. 194 she speaks, with truer insight, of the adolescent becoming more and more conscious of 'the need for adding new life to his own', and on the same page quite soundly denies that the remedy for unsuccessful marriage lies 'in the inculcation of self-sacrifice'. Yet on the very next page she allows herself to say: 'This capacity of human nature to substitute another's welfare for one's own, makes the heart of successful marriage, as of success in any social relation.'

This reference to 'substitution' seems to be not only in conflict with the author's whole plea for a positive morality; it points also to some failure to transcend a fundamental dualism which, so long as it prevails, will always defeat the highest hopes of democracy. So long as others are *merely* others, whose welfare we 'substitute' for our own, true democracy is unattainable.

A similar lack of clarity marks the treatment of education. Mrs. Kirkwood argues that the chief motive to be relied on is 'interest in activity itself', and remarks that: 'The children themselves will come to recognize values in the ends achieved by their activity, and attain civilization, or culture of sorts, as a result.'

'Culture of sorts' may be admitted, but can the whole great issue of values in education be dismissed with such easy optimism? The cult of 'activity' for its own sake has had a long reign in educational theory and practice on this continent. Is Mrs. Kirkwood satisfied with the result? Her own excellent chapters on the Use of Money would seem to show that she is not. She shows herself fully alive to the need for the long critical discipline in value there. Why forget it when discussing education? Can it be that she has here fallen a victim to the widespread vice in current pedagogy of confusing *motive* and *stimulus*? She quotes Aristotle with approval. But Aristotle does not say that happiness is just activity: 'according to Goodness' makes all the difference.

The same confusion tends to vitiate the treatment of leisure. Though here again, there are many shrewd *obiter dicta*. Surely, the whole problem there is again one of education not in spare-time 'activities' but in values. The real menace that an increase of leisure holds out for us lies not in any danger of sluggish inertia, but in an excess of externalism, an excess of responsiveness to seductive stimuli, unchecked by any strong inner determination of selective power, to guarantee restraint and judgement. It is significant that, while Mrs. Kirk-

wood has several references to Plato, nowhere does she speak of his central educational doctrine of 'activities' carefully regulated in the service of great values.

A similar easy indulgence of random 'activities' in the hope that somehow or other they may issue in 'culture of a sort', reveals itself in the author's tolerance of the aimless wanderers in universities who do not know why they are there. She says: 'So the best must be made of conditions in the university as they are, and the casual students who are bound, sooner or later, to be turned away, should be given what help they are capable of receiving towards the perception of permanent values.'

Many of us will feel that this department-store function of trying to please the casual customers is much too costly, both in money and in diversion of resources, to be rightly undertaken by the universities. 'Activities', merely as such, are even now seriously overdone in universities, and it is time they drew in their lines to concentrate on activities according to 'Goodness' of their own particular kind. One more complaint. Is it dealing clearly and helpfully with the state to identify it at one point with the nation and at another to speak of it as 'equivalent to society'? Clarification and definition of the concept of the state are cruelly needed in current democratic thinking, and one feels that Mrs. Kirkwood would have done well to follow MacIver a little more closely here.

In spite of these doubts and questionings, one must conclude that the book is a timely stimulus to thinking on great issues and that it should prove of real value, particularly to those who can read it with due critical discrimination.

F. CLARKE

MATURE PHILOSOPHY

WHERE IS SCIENCE GOING?, by Max Planck, with preface by Albert Einstein: translated, with biographical sketch, by James Murphy (W. W. Norton; pp. 221; \$2.00).

IN this well-translated volume, containing an Epilogue in the form of a so-called Socratic Dialogue between two leading contemporary scientists and the translator, the originator of the Quantum Theory, who, with the possible exception of Einstein, has done more than any other scientist to revolutionize the general basis and outlook of physics in the twentieth century, has presented his matured philosophical views. It is philosophy founded on scientific knowledge in accord with the requirement of Aristotle who failed, however, to exemplify this condition in his own case, largely because such knowledge was not available until hundreds of years after this great systematizer wrote.

Following a brief and admirably lucid sketch of the main developments of physical science, more especially in Germany, during the last 50 years, as exemplified by the Electronic, the Relativity, and Quantum Theories, the author proceeds to raise a fundamental question: Is there a real external world? For him, a critical realist, influenced by the Kantian theory of knowledge, the question becomes: To what extent is the human mind capable of a knowledge of external reality? Positivism in the sense of our impressions being primary data and signifying immediate reality, and supporting the

view that physical science is content to describe in the most accurate and simple way various natural phenomena, he discards as inadequate. It involves a too restricted aim, excluding as it would all construction of hypotheses and theories which supply the dynamical factor in science. 'The alternative play of theory and experiment, of theoretical construction on the side of abstract reason and the testing of these by their application to objective reality is the special characteristic of modern physics'; dating, we may add, from the time of Galileo. Physics stands on a higher level than the positivists maintain. With regard to objective experience, two theorems express Planck's position: (1) There is an outer world existing independently of the act of knowing; (2) This world is knowable only indirectly. And the latter means that the knowable realities of nature cannot be exhaustively discovered by any branch of science. Science represents an incessant intellectual struggle towards a goal which can never be attained.

Physics, experimental science in general, and philosophy have a common aim and a common assumption; the first being to understand reality; the second that reality or the universe is of such a character as to be understood, at least partially. This implies the construction of concepts and theories, and the provisional synthesis of experience in the form of a system of laws. Today the *Umwurzbeuerfniß* of the *Zeitgeist* has led everywhere to an attack on the established order; the authority of tradition is anything but a recommendation for principles and methods hitherto dominant in business or politics, or even in science. Some of the enthusiasm with which the promulgation of Einsteinian Relativity was greeted was due to the belief that it constituted a complete overthrow of the Newtonian Physics, whereas it is now recognized as constituting an expansion, refinement, and crowning of Newtonian views. 'An almost exactly similar experience,' says Planck, 'has been encountered in the history of the Quantum theory; but in this latter case the crisis is not yet passed.' This crisis concerns the meaning and validity of the principle of causality, hitherto regarded as a fundamental principle of experimental science. Heisenberg's 'notorious' Principle of Indeterminacy has been taken by many physicists as implying that causality no longer holds good for every physical event; that in regard to the happenings among microphysical realities it has at most a statistical significance. The discussion of this question and its alleged bearings on the freedom of human willing forms a central feature of the present book.

We shall not rehearse the arguments which have led to the formation of the indeterminacy principle, the significance of which has in our opinion been over-rated, inasmuch as it is of a negative rather than positive import, appearing to indicate a limit of experimental research. It states a fact rather than a law, namely, that the attempt to perform certain measurements interferes with the process of measuring, and thus interestingly illustrates the law of causality. The situation shows that our means of experimentation falls behind human capacity for mathematical analysis. 'The epistemological difficulties,' says the author, 'which have arisen in the sphere of theoretical physics, through the develop-

ment of the Quantum Theory seem to be due to the fact that the bodily eye of the measuring physicist has been identified with the intellectual eye of the speculative physicist.' 'When we are faced with the indivisible quantum of action the limit is laid with mathematical accuracy beyond which the most delicate physical measurement is unable to give a satisfactory answer to questions connected with the behaviour of the more minute processes. The result is that the problem of these infinitesimal processes has no longer a meaning for purely physical research. Here we come to the point where such problems have to be dealt with by speculative reason.' Reason declares it to be an indispensable postulate of scientific research, including the psychological sciences, that all changes stand in definite relations with one another. Can we understand how an event can be unconditioned? The answer is in the negative. The principle of causality must be held to extend even to the highest achievements of the human mind. Human conduct without motive is scientifically as incompatible with the science of psychology as the assumption of absolute chance in inorganic nature is incompatible with the working principle of physical science.

Planck draws attention to the importance of distinguishing between the validity of the causal principle and its practical applicability. He rightly emphasizes the fact that the calculation of probabilities and statistical laws, so-called, are dependent on the assumption of causality in each particular case, and that the non-realization of a statistical law in particular instances is no argument against causality, but just illustrates the fact that our observations are not sufficiently accurate and delicate to put the law to a direct test. The 'indeterminism of quantum physics' which according to Einstein is a subjective indeterminism related to our inability to forecast the activities of minute atoms, and from which an alleged opposition has been inferred between causal and statistical physics, has, in the judgment of Planck, no bearing whatever on the problem of human volition. This is also the view of C. G. Darwin in his *New Conceptions of Matter*. For the attribution to nature of something akin to what is called free will in human beings, as maintained by Eddington and Weyl, no evidence whatever can in the opinion of Einstein or Planck be discovered. Both find the inference that scientific determinism has been overthrown to be groundless. Determinism does not mean that nature must or will repeat itself like a recurring decimal. Similarity, variability and causality are mutually compatible. 'When you mention people who speak of such a thing as free-will in nature, it is difficult for me to find a suitable reply,' says Einstein in the Epilogue. 'Honestly I cannot understand what people mean when they talk about the freedom of the will.' This is not surprising in view of the fact that a positive definition of freedom is rarely given. Did not M. Bergson recommend his followers not to attempt any?

One aspect of the old controversy between determinism and free-will, raised again by recent physics, is overlooked by Planck. This is the uncritical assumption that belief in the freedom of the will is an indispensable postulate of ethics. But is it? Would an undetermined being be capable of training or

education? And could such a being be reasonably held responsible?

In the last chapter some further misunderstandings of the relativity and quantum theories are discussed, and the question is raised, whether a definite movement from the relative to the absolute is characteristic of recent physics. The volume sounds an emphatic note against the mentalism of Jeans and the mysticism of other physicists.

J. W. A. HICKSON

RADICAL INTO IMPERIALIST

THE LIFE OF JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN; Volume Two, 1885-1895; by J. L. Garvin (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 644; \$6.00).

MR. GARVIN'S second volume maintains the high standard set by the first. He has not such interesting material to work upon, for this volume covers the rather barren period between Chamberlain's resignation from the Gladstone cabinet over Home Rule and his entry into the Colonial Office under Salisbury. But he has contrived to make this decade of bitter parliamentary struggles come to life again, and he gives a brilliant analysis both of Chamberlain's practical tactics and of the progress of his mental development towards imperialism. One's chief complaint is that the most friendly reader can hardly help becoming suspicious when he learns that speech after speech of the hero is delivered with epoch-making effect. It is no longer possible for us to believe that about speech-making.

Chamberlain was already by 1885 very restless under Gladstone's leadership because he felt, truly enough, that the G.O.M. was not really interested in social reform and, by holding on to the leadership of the party, was preventing the Liberals from performing their proper function of carrying through a wide programme of social reconstruction. When Gladstone suddenly adopted Home Rule his radical lieutenant broke away from him. Gladstone's passionate preoccupation with Ireland seemed to put off indefinitely the internal reforms which were needed in England. Chamberlain agreed that constitutional changes were needed in Ireland, but his programme was federalism; he would accept no measure of Home Rule which meant national separation. His own scheme was a federal reconstruction of the British Isles on the Canadian and American model. Nothing came of this because his fellow Unionists were completely negative, but he considered it necessary, nevertheless, to concentrate for the next ten years on the destruction of Gladstonian Home Rule.

To destroy Home Rule became his main purpose, and to this must be sacrificed all other purposes. Chamberlain remained a sincere radical throughout this period, but he could not risk breaking up the unionist alliance. To prove his radical sincerity he had to put constant pressure upon his Tory and Whig allies to pass reform measures; and it became his tactics to claim *à la Disraeli* that a Conservative government was capable of constructive policy as well as a Liberal one. Mr. Garvin is able to draw up a fairly impressive list of measures like the County Councils Act and Free Education which were put upon the statute book in this decade as the result of Chamberlain's advocacy. But no artis-

tic skill can hide the sad fact that Chamberlain had to make sacrifices which were much more weighty than Mr. Garvin ever admits.

It is here that the hero-worshipper is somewhat blind. It was not merely a list of particular causes like Old Age Pensions which Chamberlain had to postpone or abandon. When he left the Liberals he did something much more serious than this. He gave up the only possible instrument in those days for carrying through the general programme which he had at heart. Chamberlain was dreaming of a general reconstruction, a programme which in his early radical days he clearly recognized was bound to come into conflict with the private-property interests entrenched in the Conservative party. He could fight those interests when he found them in the Liberal party and try to drive them out into the Tory fold. But you cannot expel private-property interests from the Conservative party; they are the very essence of it. The idea that a party led by Salisbury and Balfour could be turned into an instrument of radical social reform is now seen to be purely fantastic. Chamberlain's own growing interest in imperial projects gradually blinded him, as it seems to have blinded his biographer, to the reality of the transformation that had come over him when he joined the gentlemen's party.

There is one other point which Mr. Garvin slurs over. He admits that Chamberlain was quite blind to the idealist spiritual aspect of the Irish nationalist movement. Why not go a little further? After all, Unionism today is as dead as Queen Anne. Chamberlain believed that Gladstone's partial Home Rule was only the prelude to complete national separation. But the separation has come in our day and the British Empire still survives. No one can pretend that the long bitter fight against Irish nationalism was not disastrous for both islands. And, while Chamberlain proved himself the most brilliant and effective fighter in that warfare, this cannot alter the fact that there was something essentially mean in the role which he played.

FRANK H. UNDERHILL

SERIOUS, SOLEMN, AND SILLY

THE STREET OF THE SANDAL MAKERS, by Nis Petersen (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 496; \$2.50).

THE TWILIGHT AGE, by A. Prophett (Longmans Green; pp. 308; \$1.75).

THE PRIME MINISTER'S PYJAMAS, by Frances Evelyn, Countess of Warwick, and Langford Reed (Denis Archer; pp. 248; 7/6).

THESE books fall neatly and deliberately into three classes—serious, solemn, and silly. The first is an historical novel dealing with the life and ideas of average citizens of Rome in the time of Marcus Aurelius; the second shows a young man in a South Sea cafe very soberly pondering on the problems of freedom and personality as displayed in his own life; the third is a political extravaganza, partly satiric, but mainly a blowing off of innocent high spirits.

Some day an enterprising and original novelist will startle the public by a book about Rome in which no Christians appear. If we must have the early Christians, however, it would be difficult to

present them better than Mr. Petersen has done. The story of the book hardly exists; Marcellus and Jon, who are more or less the central characters, are little more than convenient links between varied groups whose words and actions make a very living reconstruction of the average Roman citizen's thoughts and emotions in the second century A.D. It would be silly to quibble about minor archaeological details, when the general tone of the period, as we know it from literary and other sources, has been so admirably rendered.

Comparison with Pater's *Marius* is almost inevitable; yet there is little to be said except that they are almost totally unlike. The emphasis is entirely shifted. The aristocratic and philosophic atmosphere of Pater's book has evaporated completely before Mr. Petersen's sociological interests. The great Emperor is only a vague, little regarded figure in the background, the great nobles of the court do not appear, except briefly as their action affects the business men and commons of Rome that fill the whole stage. The result is an impression of full-blooded, vulgar, and bustling life that still does not so much translate the Romans into our contemporaries, as place us among them. Nor is the book burdened, as so many such books are, with a cumbersome apparatus of material details. The material differences between that period and our own, are not shirked, but they are brought in naturally, incidentally, almost casually, gaining in significance the farther they move from pedantic enumeration.

This artfully indirect approach provides also a particularly good and objective picture of Christianity in its early organization, and the rival Oriental religions that competed for control of the Roman populace with the sect of the 'godless'. It is by such simple, and perfectly correct, turns of phrase that Mr. Petersen succeeds in re-creating for a society to whom Christianity has become orthodox, the atmosphere of a time when almost all right-thinking and decent people regarded Christians much as most respectable Canadians regard Communists—and for much the same reasons.

Students of comparative religion will also admire the neat way in which, without labouring a single point, Mr. Petersen brings out vividly the great debt which the organization and devotional practices of the Christian church owed to the worship of Isis in particular. Yet even a reader with no historical interests may appreciate the vivid portrayal of the motley lot of rogues, saints, rascals, simpletons, and all the other mixed types of common humanity that crowd the pages.

It is a sharp contrast, to turn to the frail and morbid delicacy of *The Twilight Age*. The speaker is a young man who has spent all his life falling or being in love, rather aimlessly, with all sorts of people, and struggling, rather aimlessly, to free from the oppression of all these affections a personality that one is not quite sure is worth all that trouble. He is somewhat like the Marcellus of the *Street of the Sandalmakers*, but all his surroundings and all the other people are sicklied over with the gray wash of his indecisive introspection. Indeed, he is such a helpless, irritating, impotent youth, that there is a certain maddening fascination about watching him make himself squirm. An anaemic sort of book,

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Edited by Professor R. MacGregor Dawson, University of Saskatchewan. - - - - - Probably \$4.00

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about an anaemic sort of person, but if you have the patience to stick with it, it does give a good picture of the feeble, self-pitying type that inspires a surprising affection in some people, while the rest of the world wonders what purpose such a man can possibly serve in the economy of the universe. Recommended only to collectors of psychological curiosities.

The Prime Minister's Pyjamas is the sort of book that might be fairly amusing to write, but is not very amusing to read. It is rather fumbling and amateurish, full of missed opportunities. It is the kind of book that ought to be done by Thorne Smith. The invention of the episodes is not bad, but their treatment just fails of being adequately funny. It has all the diffident and well-meaning awkwardness of a first novel, and is as respectably innocent as anyone familiar with Mr. Reed's book of Limericks would expect.

L. A. MACKAY

POLITICIANS AND ECONOMISTS

ESSAYS IN BIOGRAPHY, by J. M. Keynes (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 318; \$2.00).

THE MEANS TO PROSPERITY, by J. M. Keynes (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 37; 30 cents).

THE author of *Essays in Biography* is a very different Mr. Keynes from the one who published *Essays in Persuasion* last year. The latter volume might well have borne the title 'Essays in Invective'. The mention of a name was there the occasion for a gibe or a taunt—the 'Economic Consequences of Mr. Churchill'; the Governor of the Bank of England 'moving within the limitations of his own mentality'; the 'immaculate spinsters' who were the chairmen of the British banks; and Queen Baldwin, 'who has succeeded to the position in our affections formerly occupied by Queen Victoria'.

In his *Essays in Biography* we find Mr. Keynes in a sweeter, more appreciative frame of mind. Typical, not only of this attitude but of the brilliant prose which permeates these Essays, is the concluding passage of the essay on Mr. Bonar Law:—

Many politicians are too much enthralled by the crash and glitter of the struggle, their hearts obviously warmed by the swell and pomp of authority, enjoying their positions and their careers, clinging to these sweet delights, and primarily pleasing themselves. These are the natural target of envy and distraction and a certain contempt. They have their reward already and need no gratitude. But the public have liked to see a Prime Minister not enjoying his lot unduly. We have preferred to be governed by the sad smile of one who adopts towards the greatest office in the State the attitude that whilst, of course, it is nice to be Prime Minister, it is no great thing to covet, and who feels in office, and not merely afterwards, the vanity of things.

So also of Edwin Montagu, to whom 'most of the newspaper accounts which I have read do less than justice'. Even Winston Churchill, whose book, *The World Crisis*, rather than whose personality comes under review, receives his measure of admiration and 'a little envy, perhaps, for his undoubting conviction that frontiers, races, patriotism, even wars if need be, are the ultimate verities for mankind, which lends for him a kind of dignity and even nobility to events, which for others are only a nightmare interlude, something to be permanently avoided'. As for Trotsky's *Where Is Britain Going?*, 'granted his assumptions, much of his argument is, I think, un-

answerable'. But with his assumptions of class warfare, the inevitability of force, and the Marxist interpretation of history, Mr. Keynes has little sympathy.

Lord Oxford's 'temperament was naturally conservative. With a little stupidity and a few prejudices dashed in he would have been Conservative in the political sense also. . . . With an incomparable hostess opposite him, with wit and abundance, indiscretion and all that was most rash and bold flying about him, Lord Oxford would love to appear the dullest amid so much light, to rest himself, and to enjoy the flow of reason and of unreason, stroking his chin, shrugging his shoulders, a wise and tolerant umpire'.

Out of tune, and discordant with these 'Sketches of Politicians' are the first two essays. The first will be well known to readers of Mr. Keynes' *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. It is his description of the Council of Four at Versailles—one of the first, and perhaps the bitterest bit of invective written about that unhappy body. And to it has been added, as the second Essay, a sketch of Mr. Lloyd George which even Mr. Keynes decided at the time to exclude from that description. Chiefly of interest to economists will be the second section of the book, 'Lives of Economists'. Most of these have already appeared at one time or another in the *Economic Journal*—essays on Marshall, Edgeworth, and F. P. Ramsey—just as most of the 'Sketches of Politicians' had appeared in the *Nation and Athenaeum*.

But hitherto unpublished is the essay on Robert Malthus. And it is of great interest in that it contains some extracts from recently discovered correspondence between Malthus and Ricardo.

Mr. Keynes, whose pamphlet, *The Means to Prosperity*, is but the latest of his invocations of positive action and attacks upon saving as a cure for unemployment and depression, finds a kindred spirit in Malthus who wrote in 1821:—

When profits are low and uncertain, when capitalists are quite at a loss where they can safely employ their capitals . . . is it not a vain and fruitless opposition to that first, greatest, and most universal of all the principles (of political economy), the principle of supply and demand, to recommend saving . . . ? . . . Altogether I should say, that the employment of the poor in roads and public works, and a tendency among landlords and persons of property to build, to improve and beautify their grounds . . . are the means most within our power and most directly calculated to remedy the evils. . . .

'If only Malthus, instead of Ricardo,' sighs Mr. Keynes, 'had been the parent stem from which nineteenth-century economics proceeded, what a much wiser and richer place the world would be today!'

In *The Means to Prosperity* Mr. Keynes reprints and slightly expands a series of four articles which appeared last March in the *London Times*. They constitute a remarkably clear and convincing argument for the raising of loans and expenditure upon public works. Most remarkable, perhaps, are his estimates of how large a proportion of such expenditures would return to the Exchequer in the form of decreased expenditure upon the 'dole' and increased tax revenue.

The pamphlet also outlines somewhat less convincing proposals that the World Economic Conference sponsor the issuance of five billion dollars worth of Gold Notes—so that the less enlightened

Central Bankers may think that they have more gold than they actually possess and govern their policy accordingly. But Mr. Keynes is not finally wedded to this scheme and would be willing to endorse any other which appeared to be more generally acceptable and whose results were similar. *The Times* has lent its columns; will 'Sound Finance' lend its ear? So far the Chancellor of the Exchequer has appeared a little deaf, although he is learning to mouth some of the proper phrases. Will the prophets of Reaction turn their hands to Action? And will, at last, the ghost of Malthus sleep?

A. F. W. PLUMPTRE

THE AMAZED MR. BRAYBROOKE

THE AMAZING MR. NOEL COWARD, by Patrick Braybrooke (Denis Archer; pp. xv, 168; 7/6).

THE penalty of being amazing is that it puts you at the mercy of fatuous admirers. You would honestly think that Mr. Braybrooke was a fussy old hen that had hatched out an eagle and never got over it. Cut-cut-cut-dawing, he falls all over himself, possessive, worshipping, delightedly clucking over the slightest cheep that proceeds from the throat of his extraordinary chick.

At first, Mr. Coward looked like any other chick. He was born in a suburb called Teddington and 'in his suburban home led a very ordinary life'. Disappointed in this mediocre beginning, Mr. Braybrooke scratches about zealously for some evidences of the astounding. After all, Teddington was 'a pleasant suburb and the river rolled peacefully enough through it . . . it was not in any sense dully suburban'. But it really doesn't matter anyway, for 'if we take a most cursory look at a few outstanding figures we discover that in early days they were either dull or average.'

The luckiest thing of all—and what would Mr. Braybrooke have done without *Cavalcade* to give him the clue?—was that Noel Coward was 'born near to the end of an era, an era which had never been seen before and never will be again. Queen Victoria had become an old woman very near to her earthly end. She looked forward to a grave already nearly dug . . . She still drove in the Row and as yet London resounded to the jingle of hansom bells and inside these hansoms as yet handsome belles could not drive alone!' (p. 1). 'The Queen, though not yet actively sinking, was gradually doing so. In Germany, the Kaiser with treachery in his eyes. . . ' (p. 2).

The amazing person here seems to be Mr. Patrick Braybrooke. But read on. 'Christmas in that year (1899) had a great deal of forced gaiety, and Noel hung up his small sock and hoped he would find in it a toy theatre' [Noel on that Christmas Day was about nine days old]. . . 'What he found was that the good fairies had given him gifts which they had given to no other baby. Coward was a baby of genius born in a world almost sick of old genius. Victorian genius was getting crabbed and suspicious. It had in a sense written itself out. Coward prepared himself for his life's work and the river rolled on quietly through Teddington.' (p. 2).

Well, the amazing baby grew up into an apparently normal boy, doomed to 'marry a good normal wife, have two good normal children and in God's good time find a good normal grave.' But not Noel

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SPECIAL SUMMER ROUND TRIP RAIL FARES

Coward! Even in dull Teddington, where the river goes rolling, no matter what happens. 'Instead of which at an early age he is to attend garden parties at Buckingham Palace and, on King George recognizing him, he is to have some minutes' genial conversation with His Majesty while Constance Collier listens in and says "Yes" at the right moment and "No" at another right moment.' (p. 8).

Fancy that now! But there was better ahead. 'We find that Coward, though not a precocious boy, is nevertheless tenacious. He has his eye on the theatre because he is fully aware that in quite a few years the theatre will have an eye on him and that a few years still later it will begin to be wondered whether, after all, Mr. Bernard Shaw is quite so clever as Mr. Noel Coward, whether an income of £50,000 a year is not so bad even if film stars can get that amount in about a quarter of the time.' (p. 12). '... It becomes more and more apparent as the years roll on [as the river still rolls on at Teddington] that Coward is a completely original thinker, a dramatist with a big punch, a playwright so versatile that it is difficult to think of anything now that he cannot do.' (p. 54). 'We were soon to learn that Coward was an amazing genius so dazzling that we could scarcely look at him.' (p. 104). 'Now in 1928 he appeared in New York as the most amazing genius from the English theatre—an actor, a composer, a singer, a writer of comedy, tragedy and revue and a young man rolling in money.' (p. 116). Money? Pots of it! Just think of that, Teddington! 'Today Coward is the richest young man making money by his pen.' (p. 161). And 'The Prince of Wales attended a performance and paid for his own seat. He sat in the fourteenth row of the stalls and enjoyed every moment of the show just as much as the audience loved having His Royal Highness with them and really being for that evening an ordinary "stallite".' (p. 112).

I have heard it said that Mr. Coward, in his early thirties, is writing his autobiography. It must be in self defence.

ROBERT AYRE

UTOPIAN NOVELETTE

MAN'S MORTALITY, by Michael Arlen (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 307; \$2.50).

THE well-known difficulty of distinguishing between Messrs. Michael Arlen and Aldous Huxley will not be dispelled by this novel. There was once a schoolboy who in the quarter-mile gained second place and explained to his mother that it was much harder to be second than to be first. 'You see, the boy who is first has only to keep in front of all the others, but the second boy has to be careful—he must keep in front of most of them, but behind the first boy.' That is the shadow lying athwart Mr. Arlen's life. He has to keep behind Mr. Aldous Huxley and in front of M. Maurice Dekobra. At one time he was nearly overtaken by the *Venus on Wheels*, and now he is outbraving the *Brave New World*.

Mr. Arlen is in fact a first-rate mimic with an unrivalled ear for the first rustle of a new fashion in the smarter set of novel-readers. The latest brand is an insufferably superior 'interest' in what just sufficiently resembles the *New Statesman* to be recognizable as politics, combined with a childish awe

of 'the infinite possibilities opened up by recent progress in engineering and physical science'. Mr. Arlen has wisely fastened onto this and allowed his rivals to go on paddling their canoes down the stream of consciousness. The result is a capital imitation of an epoch-making novel. Bemused pundits have made it the Book of the Month. The large-hearted *Observer* critic has long ere this performed his punctual genuflexion before it. Even 'Y.Y.', who usually knows what he is talking about, has half-swooned in ecstasy. As a fact, *Man's Mortality* (you see: he is alive to the new Wordsworth boom also), amounts to very little; it is a pompous but empty blend of Mr. Wells' *War in the Air* and (as I said) Mr. Huxley's *Brave New World*, with a dash of *The Green Hat* added lest ancient admirers lose heart. But there is vast cleverness in it: no other living writer could have made a noisy novelette sound to unvarying ears like a gospel.

International Airways have taken over the world-wide mess and dragooned the human race into tidiness. But the directors become so tyrannical that some of their best pilots desert and, under the leadership of David Knox—the greatest scientific genius the world has known—get up a revolt, using an invention of Knox's which enables them to fly some thousands of miles an hour and slice hostile craft into pieces with small discomfort to themselves. The aim of these excesses I find it difficult to report, since Knox (for reasons not revealed) runs away with things by coming out on a sudden as an engineering Messiah and burning half Paris, after which he commits an overdue suicide. What the whole thing is about remains a mystery, but there is an impressive array of great people who do little beyond exchanging forcible-feeble dialogue, and much fearsome play with scientific technicalities. We must, however, be grateful for two things. First, though Mr. Arlen talks now and again of world-wide tidiness, we see little of it. In all other modern Utopias, everyone is dressed in simple hygienic garments and sits or lies on furniture made of glass and steel or (so sublime are these modern Platos) on a slightly lustrous amalgam of the two. You can almost smell the disinfectants. Here we are spared that blank inferno. And the other point is that Mr. Arlen is at times visited by a glimpse of the truth. We read a brief reference or so to anti-machine movements in Russia. That, I think, is a vital idea, and perhaps it is spreading: even *Punch* had a cartoon recently about the employer and the robot. Unless we awake from this nightmare of machine-worship, we are doomed indeed.

GILBERT NORWOOD



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SHORT NOTICES

HELENE, by Vicki Baum (Doubleday, Doran & Gundy; pp. 312; \$2.25).

Helene contains all the ingredients that make for popularity: a sensational plot, very little character study, an almost complete lack of awareness on the part of the author of philosophical or sociological problems, a generous dose of improbability and thick sentimentality and a happy ending. It is the triumphant story of a poor but brilliant and beautiful girl, a student of chemistry at a German university, who suffers much hardship and humiliation before she finally attains fame and wealth and happiness. The main intrigue revolves around a very complicated love tangle: Helene, the heroine, is in love with her professor, who is married to a very beautiful but wicked woman. This vulture is enamoured of a bank president, with whom she finally runs off. Helene, in turn, is loved by a tubercular bookseller and by a young medical student, from whom she has a child out of wedlock. To this exciting plot Frau Baum has added a marital infidelity, a divorce, an abortion (which doesn't come off), a suicide pact, another attempted suicide, a trial for homicide, a hospital scene, and a picture of life in the scientific laboratories of two universities and several research institutes. The scientific atmosphere in which the characters move is fortified by long chemical formulae and copious medical terminology, which keep recurring throughout the book.

The characters are very poorly sketched and the writing is extremely commonplace, except for the section beginning on page 255, where the author describes the working of a child's mind. This part of the book is so utterly above the rest in quality, that it is difficult to regard the whole novel as the work of one person.

The jacket bears Mr. J. B. Priestley's estimate of Vicki Baum as 'the most remarkable woman novelist now writing'. If this is to be taken as a considered aesthetic judgment, one hopes that it is due to nothing worse than ignorance of the really significant literature that women are creating today.

H. S.



ECONOMIC SCARES, by Edwin Cannan (P. S. King; pp. vii, 135; 4/6).

In the four lectures contained in this little volume Professor Cannan deals effectively with the chief 'Economic Scare' with which pseudo-economists and politicians have been wont to make John Bull's blood run cold in recent years. As for the delusion of danger in an 'adverse balance of trade', 'Adam Smith killed it, and it is not now held even by the American Federal Reserve Board or the Bank of France, although these institutions have acted as if they did believe it!'

'Not enough work for all' and 'Too little saving', while they are not treated primarily from the monetary standpoint which would probably be the most satisfactory to the trained economist, are yet dealt with in a manner which the layman will find intelligible and enlightening—that is, if the layman really does like Robinson Crusoe parables as much as every economist appears to believe.

With the bogey of 'Over-population' Professor Cannan finds even less difficulty. Indeed one wonders whether it really was a bogey and not just a straw man. In any case, in laying it low he gives himself an admirable opportunity to introduce two forecasts of population change which he made in 1895 and 1901.

A. F. W. P.

THE ART AND CRAFT OF WRITING, by J. W. Marriott (Harrap-Clarke, Irwin; pp. 255; 5/-).

The Art and Craft of Writing (one of *The Simple Guides*) was written, the author tells us in the foreword, 'for intelligent young men and women whose ages range approximately from sixteen or seventeen to twenty-five', but that is being altogether too exclusive and readers who have crossed the line should not be put off by any such restriction. Nor should intelligent people who have no itch to write and who prefer to remain on the receiving end of books. Everyone may not be interested in the technique of essays, editorials, news stories, short fiction, and the novel, and may not require 'practical advice on writing for profit', but no one can fail to be intrigued by such chapters as 'What is originality?' 'The im-

portance of similes', 'The beauty of words' and 'The rhythms of prose'. The would-be writer is not the only person who needs stimulation in the art of seeing and the art of expressing what he sees and feels; and there are few public men—for example—who could not be benefited by the warnings about woolly thinking and jargon. Mr. Marriott—his *A Year's Work in English* sold 100,000 copies—knows his job. This little book is built out of experience and sound common sense and the faults are minor ones. The author is careful not to assume that anyone can write and he recognizes 'instinct' or whatever the factor is that cannot be taught. Above all, he practises what he preaches: 'Say what you have to say as honestly, lucidly, effectively, and charmingly as you can.'

R. H. A.

A PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION, by Ambrosius Czako (H. R. Allenson Ltd.; pp. 157; 5/-).

This is a book of unusual interest and importance. It differs from other philosophies of religion both in treatment and in subject matter. It begins with the ground for belief in God, which Dr. Czako finds in the character of human life itself. Life is essentially a struggle against limitation, and there is no value in anything unless our limitations can be overcome. But there is the final limitation—Death. If this really is final and unsurmountable, then all our struggles against limitation are vain, and life is meaningless. We must either subscribe to this view or hold that Death is not real. But if it is not, we must go beyond experience and believe in 'a reality outside the reality of which we have knowledge', in short, we must believe in God. 'The meaning of human conscious life, ever striving to be rid of limitation, and the notion of God are mutually connected ideas.'

Next comes an examination of the elements of the religious life—prayer,

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miracle, sacrifice, worship—and the argument throughout is fresh and arresting if not always convincing. The term 'Miracle', e.g., is unintelligible except to those who use it; it is a specific religious term indicating that a certain phenomenon has to be attributed directly to God and not to natural agencies. When a sick person, given up by medical science, is healed by prayer, we have to do with a miracle'. But suppose that a religious person suffers an accident, and refers that to the will of God, does it follow that it really was an act of God? In a chapter called 'The Concrete God', Dr. Czako seeks to show that in Jesus Christ, God is given a concreteness which is necessary to religion, and he argues that for this reason Christianity is an advance on Judaism. But the greater part of the book is concerned with a comparative study of the religious life as it is found in the various denominations, and here Dr. Czako has a real contribution to make to the study of religion. Himself an ex-Catholic priest now associated with Protestantism, he knows his subject well and is able to act as critic of, and interpreter to, both groups. He writes candidly of the facts as he sees them, but always with an evident desire to discover a common ground upon which Catholicism and Protestantism might meet in mutual recognition. His conclusion here is as follows: 'If the philosophy of religion is tempted to pass judgement on the various denominations, the norm of judgement can only be the degree in which these denominations help people to become good, to the end that goodness, which is the only possible interpretation of the Kingdom of God, should become triumphant. The denominations all seek to make the teaching of Jesus prevail; hence their value depends upon their success in this.' In other words, the final question of any Church is: What is it doing for the practical religious life? Other matters are only of relative importance.

The book concludes with a chapter on Atheism, and a discussion of the difference between the philosophy of religion and theology.

F. J. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

THE CANADIAN WAGE EARNER IN THE MACHINE AGE, by D. C. MacGregor (Social Service Council; pp. 16; \$ 1.00).

GENERAL

DENMARK'S RIGHT TO GREENLAND, by Knud Berlin (Oxford University Press; pp. 185; \$1.00).

THE PRIME MINISTER'S PYJAMAS, by Frances Evelyn & Langford Reed (Denis Archer; pp. 248; 7/6).

THE MUSIC OF GROWTH, by Collum (Scholar's Press; pp. 175; 3/6).

MODERN MECHANIZATION, by Sir Arthur Salter (Oxford University Press; pp. 42; \$ 35).

THE ALBUM, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Oxford University Press; pp. 341; \$2.25).

WORKERS' CONTROL, by Harold Clay (The Socialist League; pp. 9; 2d).

SOCIALIST POLICY AND THE PROBLEM OF THE FOOD SUPPLY, by Rt. Hon. Dr. C. Addison (The Socialist League; pp. 10; 2d.).

THE LITTLE GOLDEN CALF, by Ilya Ilf and Eugene Petrov (Farrar and Reinhart—Oxford University Press; pp. 402; \$2.50).

THE NEW BACKGROUND OF SCIENCE, by Sir James Jeans (Macmillans in Canada; pp. viii, 303; \$2.00).

ADVENTURES OF IDEAS, by A. N. Whitehead (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xii, 392; \$3.75).

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRY GEORGE, by George R. Geiger (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xix, 581; \$3.50).

THE AMERICAN TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM, by Harold G. Moulton (Brookings Institution; pp. ixix, 915; \$3.00).

HISTORY OF GERMANY, by Hermann Pinnow (Thos. Nelson; pp. viii, 473; \$3.75).

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF MODERN AESTHETICS, by the Earl of Listowel (Thos. Nelson; pp. 288; \$3.00).

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH DICTIONARIES, by M. M. Mathews (Oxford University Press; pp. 123; \$1.50).

SPRING ON WYN HILL, by F. Sladen-Smith (The Year Book Press; pp. vii, 45; 2/-).

DANCE WITH NO MUSIC, by Rodney Ackland (The Year Book Press; pp. 82; 2/6).

THE YEAR BOOK PRESS SERIES OF PLAYS. General editor, G. W. Bishop (The Year Book Press; 1/- each).

THE NAME AND NATURE OF POETRY, by A. E. Housman (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 50; \$.60).

LITTLE MAN WHAT Now, by Hans Falada (McClelland & Stewart; pp. viii, 441; \$2.00).

PROTECTING MARGOT, by Alice Grant Roman (Thos. Allen; pp. 222; \$2.25).

LETTERS OF COURTSHIP BETWEEN JOHN TORR AND MARIA JACKSON. Edited by E. F. Carr (Oxford University Press; pp. 280; \$2.25).



CANADA AND WAR

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

The writer of an article in your May issue entitled, 'Canada and War', did me the honour of twice quoting from a lecture which I gave at the University of Toronto in April:—

As Professor Coupland remarked . . . if it be true that the continuance of the Commonwealth depends upon its economic ties, then the Ottawa Conference begins to look perilously like the Boston Tea Party.

As Professor Coupland remarked . . . this resolution of the Oxford Union is only the young men's sincere way of saying what the old men, their rulers, said insincerely in the Kellogg pact.

The first quotation would give the exact sense of what I said if the word

'solely' were inserted after 'depends'. The second quotation should stop half-way. I did not say—for I do not believe—that the British Government was sincere in accepting the Kellogg Pact.

The article seems to suggest that public opinion in England is less averse from war than public opinion in Canada, and that Canada is in danger of being somehow misled or cajoled by Englishmen into 'sacrificing 60,000 more Canadians' on the battlefields of Europe. I know that we belong to an older and more wicked world, but our sacrifice in the last war was over 700,000 killed, and even Englishmen are capable of feeling such losses and desiring to prevent their repetition.

Yours, etc.,

R. COUPLAND

All Souls College,
Oxford.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

I am going to beg for the privilege of your columns for a brief answer to Mr. Stephen Elyot's *pot-pourri* of generalizations which appeared in your June issue under the title of 'Critics, Criticism, and Criteria'. My rejoinder to his first article, 'Science and Criticism', was merely to demonstrate the danger of being too dogmatic, and I was able to do exactly the same thing in my rejoinder with, I think, equally unsatisfactory results. But Mr. Elyot was not to be cured, for we find him giving vent to a series of extraordinary dogmatisms in his latest article. This adds nothing to what he originally said, and as 'one cannot demolish what does not exist' (as he so justly says), I will merely elaborate on the one or two interesting points which he has brought to the surface.

It is always hard to attack a loose thinker, and Mr. Elyot is notoriously loose in his terminology and his argument. He touches upon so many and so varied a number of sciences, and the ramifications of his fulminations against Mr. Kelly and myself are so wide, that it is only possible here to indicate the uncertainty and obscurity of his position.

There are, it is generally conceded, three coherent systems of thought which attempt to account for the universe, and incidentally for man and his activities. The first of these is pantheism, which sees the universe and man as the manifestation of one original force or spirit, that thinks in a man, hunts in a wild beast, buds and blossoms in a flower. Pantheism reduces all to one, and that one is spirit. The second view is that of materialism, which sees the earth and stars, and man himself as the products of chance, how arisen, how ending, no one knows. Here again materialism reduces all to one, and that one is material. These two, the monistic view of the universe, utterly reject that third and equally valid view, which is the theistic view and sees the universe and man arising from the fiat of an intelligent Creator, and all existing as a consequence with a definite purpose. The confusion of terminology and divergence of view of contemporary English and German philosophers at times tend to obscure these issues, but as time has already made manifest the true nature of the philosophical principles of (to quote Mr. Elyot) Hobbes and Berkeley, and of Hegel and Feuer-

bach, so also it will demonstrate that contemporary English and German philosophy is resolvable into one of these three coherent systems.

Although pantheism and materialism are aspects of one view, and may indeed at times make a passage from one province to the other, just as Mr. Elyot changes uncomfortably from hard objective science to the admission that we cannot escape or dispense with the subjective or the personal, so these two views are in irreconcilable opposition to theism, which recognizes the dualism of matter and spirit, and sees the reality of a personal Creator directing the universe, yet Himself distinct from it.

Now apropos of Mr. Kelly's interpretation of the function of criticism, we can see how easy it was for Marx, who was an ardent disciple of Hegel's abstruse pantheism, to cross over to Feuerbach's materialism, and to unfold the history of mankind as an evolution corresponding to Darwin's interpretation of organic nature. So, too, poor Mr. Elyot, not at all certain of what it is all about, finds himself in a dreadful state over the perfectly insolvable problem of 'how science can be applied to literature', when of course science cannot be applied to literature for the simple reason that literature is of an intellectual and psychic order, whereas science is concerned only with the verifiable data of objective phenomena. Mr. Elyot might just as well attempt a comparison between Roman roads and the poems of Virgil, or of a woollen manufacturer with the pictures of Velasquez.

To determine the function of criticism, and the criteria of the critic, one must first of all establish a principle of selection. It is no good to start anywhere, as Mr. Elyot did in his first article, and proceed to make dogmatic statements, which I was able to do with equal effect in my rejoinder. Mr. Elyot goes on to demonstrate his lack of proportion as well as of principle, in calling ideas 'biochemical sizzlings', whereas if he had read very much psychology, or was acquainted with even the Aristotelian concept of the universe, he would know that modern science has long since passed the point when 'willing' was considered an action of the 'striped muscles', as Bertrand Russell so humorously puts it. Indeed, Mr. Elyot's thought must be relegated to the pragmatic and materialistic school which went out of fashion approximately twenty-five years ago.

So I proclaim that Mr. Elyot must have something previous to his observation; some previously established general propositions, some theoretical anticipations, some criterion to judge

what is relevant or irrelevant, what is characteristic or merely exceptional. A theory is needed beforehand, and no gazing at facts will provide one.

There is little need for me, therefore, to waste time and space in drawing attention to Mr. Elyot's rather childish pre-occupation with my stand as an 'idealist'. What he really means, I suppose, is that I am neither a pantheist nor a materialist. I am not; I am a theist. I have not yet reached the point, which Mr. Elyot has apparently been able to do quite easily, when I can say that I am not a creature of free will. In spite of the fact that I am a theist, I can still take note of the objective facts of reality, and am able to fit them quite neatly into my conception of a theistic universe. And, as a matter of fact, I find that the two extremes of pantheism and materialism can be combined quite logically and reasonably by the golden mean of theism. By my principle of selection, and by my previously established general propositions in logic and metaphysics, I am able to believe that history and the progress and civilization of mankind have some significance. As for the origin and validity of ideas, that, of course, is a big problem, but I venture to say that what is known as the Thomist conception of the psycho-physical unity of man provides a more logical and scientific explanation of this problem than any philosophy or psychology which Mr. Elyot may be able to bring forward.

As to philosophy, and Mr. Elyot's concluding remarks in his article, I can still repeat without undue embarrassment what I said in my rejoinder, namely, that 'art, as an activity of man, cannot be separated from philosophical principles'. I am, of course, quite aware that philosophical principles are varied and contradictory, but I do not see how that affects the truth of my statement. If I am a theist, I will naturally see the significance of a book as a critic in a different light from that in which Mr. Elyot, who is heaven knows what, sees it. Therefore, as Mr. Elyot so brightly points out, both Winston Churchill and Leon Trotsky may agree on the greatness of Shakespeare, but their method of agreement may disagree considerably.

As for Mr. Elyot's remarks, that 'morality is the Christian name of Expediency', it surprises and shocks me to find a person of Mr. Elyot's presumed mentality making such a statement. The morality of any given action is determined by three elements, the end in view, the means taken, and the circumstances that accompany the taking of the said means. This, at least, is a rule of diagnosis. But as there is scarcely

scope in this article for a discussion of moral philosophy, we must leave this until such time as Mr. Elyot feels that he can intelligently marshal his forces.

There is much else of a questionable nature in Mr. Elyot's last article. I should like to take the time to show Mr. Elyot that what he calls 'the idealist's baseless fabric of ideas', is derived from a chain of very close reasoning by a strictly scientific method. Also that the materialist wastes a good deal of time and good wits in not taking note of the psychic and personal approach to the origin and validity of ideas, and that even an 'idealist' cannot be fool enough in this workaday world to build his life on a 'false certainty'. Let the materialist and pantheist beware lest their fabric is erected on a faulty foundation.

But what annoys me most in Mr. Elyot's articles is his *presumption* that the so-called 'idealist's' conception of the universe and of man, *does not exist*. By what token does he call eternity and universality 'bio-chemical siz-zlings'? He gives no reasons; he advances no arguments—he merely makes statements. I don't suppose he has ever heard of Thomist philosophy or if he has heard of it, no doubt it is beneath the notice of such an intellect as his—which would put man and the universe, heaven and hell, God and the cosmos within the confines of a test-tube—a misbegotten notion which proceeds, I fear, from the distinctly limited and unenlightened mind of one, Mr. Stephen Elyot.

Yours, etc.,

Toronto

C. J. EUSTACE

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:

My article, 'Art and Criticism: a Marxian Interpretation', was not intended as a reply to Mr. Stephen Elyot. In fact, when I wrote it I believed, and I still believe, despite the learned interest displayed by Mr. Monkhouse, that his article, 'Science and Criticism', did not deserve a reply. Nor did I think that I was presenting an adequate statement of Marxist theory. To see the subject introduced at long last in your pages, such was my aim.

In his instructive essay in your June issue, Mr. Elyot airily dismisses my article with the sneer that it was 'lifted' from Plekanov. As I am not a bold and original thinker like Mr. Elyot, but merely a student of Marxism, I can only reply by adding that those philo-

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sophic ideas in my article which were not 'lifted' from Plekanov, were 'lifted' from the writings of Karl Marx.

Although Mr. Elyot has not made any serious attempt to reply to my article, preferring, for reasons best known to himself, to ignore the philosophic implications of the large chunks of Plekanov so rudely thrown at him, he has made three specific charges against me which I will answer briefly.

1. After a more careful reading of Mr. Elyot's first article, I realize that it is stretching the truth to call his vague, half-formulated approach a 'method'. I withdraw the epithet with apologies.

2. When I spoke of Mr. Elyot's idealistic approach, I did not mean to imply that he is a consistent idealist. I realize only too well that it is impossible for an eclectic of his type to adopt a consistent attitude towards anything. Mr. Elyot in both his articles has adopted an idealist position by his implicit denial of the class outlook of the critic and the class nature of his criticism, however much he may seek to improve himself by a 'scientific ideal'. Similarly the two quotations which I introduced from his article were not intended to prove once and for all that he is an idealist, but merely to show his muddled state of mind. The first statement, which he has not seen fit to defend, was that practical science is 'The blind agent of its own destruction'. The second, which he denies having made, will be found in the second to last paragraph of his first article. The complete quotation reads: 'If art is alive with the creative urge, vital, dynamic, expansive, it must inevitably burst free of old values, old truths, and worn out forms, and create new and roomier ones.'

3. Mr. Elyot's correction of my unscholarly slip in attributing a statement of Marx to Plekanov, is welcome; but his assumption that an interpretation of Shakespeare must be based on his aristocratic outlook, this fails entirely to explain Shakespeare's romanticism, his interest in the merchant traders (those men of the bourgeoisie who were creating the primary accumulation of capital, and who were welcomed into the often penniless ranks of the nobility), and above all, his extreme nationalism. These factors surely represent an important part of his work, and it was with these in mind that he was designated as revolutionary, as representing the first impetus towards the new era introduced by the seventeenth century. But certainly Shakespeare's work, representing a period of transition, contained reactionary elements to a large extent. It would take an essay in itself to discuss this problem. Mr. Elyot has not solved it, nor shown a Marxist conception of it, simply by saying that the tragedies 'without exception stand up to the test of the aristocratic theory of tragedy by reason of their always being concerned with the fates and fortunes of kings . . .'. This quotation alone is enough to prove Mr. Elyot's static and mechanistic attitude. Kings and dukes alone do not make tragedies.

For all Mr. Elyot's condemnation of my superficiality, he has nowhere manifested a profound understanding of Marxian, as opposed to the so-called pure 'scientific' or 'sociological' criticism. He has definitely evaded its conclusions.

Yours, etc.,

PAUL KELLY

Toronto

“Gramo-Poems” Competition

A new pastime for lovers of music has been invented by Mr. John Murray Gibbon. It is a pastime which the inventor believes will enormously increase one's power of musical appreciation, and it is described in full in his book, *Magic of Melody*, which has just been published (Dent, \$1.50). Briefly, it consists in supplying verses to well-known melodies and classical airs; not words to be sung, for more often than not the range is beyond the register of the human voice, but words that fit the rhythm of the music, and, above all, set up a word image of the music and help the listener to appreciate its qualities. It is a pastime which will particularly appeal to the lover of fine gramophone records.

THIS COMPETITION is organized by *The Gramophone* and *Everyman*, and readers of either paper are asked to write original verses to two well-known melodies out of the six mentioned below, which have been chosen for their suitability to 'Gramo-poem' treatment, and of all of which gramophone records are readily obtainable. Three of the pieces are among the twelve to which Mr. Murray Gibbon has put words, which are printed, together with the musical score in his book, *Magic of Melody*; the other three pieces are not dealt with specifically in the book. Competitors are asked to make one 'Gramo-poem' to any one piece from the first three, and another 'Gramo-poem' to any one from the second three. The 'Gramo-poems' must be strictly original.

One 'Gramo-poem' to any one of the following (from 'Magic of Melody'):

PRELUDE IN D FLAT. Op. 28, No. 15. Chopin. (H.M.V. DB1272.)
Piano Solo, Paderewski.

AIR FROM SUITE No. 3 IN D. Bach. (Col. 9617.)
Brussels Royal Conservatoire Orchestra.

TRAUMEREI. Schumann. (Col. D1618.)
'Cello Solo, J. H. Squire.

One 'Gramo-poem' to any one of the following:

EINE KLEINE NACHTMUSIK. Mozart. (Col. LX145.)
Third Movement—Menuetto.
British Symphony Orchestra.

PETITE SUITE DE CONCERT. Coleridge Taylor. (H.M.V. C2372.)
Demande et Réponse.
London Symphony Orchestra.

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RULES

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